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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

This "Prime" Minister

England Arise! And KNOW what to do

So that there may be no mistake, this is the telegram which I sent to the Prime Minister on April 6th. There is a rumour going round that the reason the Prime Minister could not accept my offer was because I made impossible conditions. This is ABSOLUTELY FALSE. I made NO CONDITIONS — excepting the condition that the £200,000 was to be spent on the DEFENCE OF LONDON.

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

I ALONE have dared to point out the dire need and necessity for an Air Defence for London. You have muzzled others who have deplored this shameful neglect—for London is the only Capital in Europe without any Air Defence—and for the last four months my Offer of £200,000 to supply this crying need has been before you and your Government but has been ignored because I have spoken the Truth about you—your amour propre being of more importance in your own eyes than the safety of London.

THEREFORE, with my heart full of sorrow and despair I am, at last, forced to withdraw this Offer. You have treated my patriotic gesture with a contempt such as no other Government in the World would or could have been guilty of towards a Patriot.

YOU have flippantly behaved as if my Offer was a personal matter —only concerning yourself—but the safety of London is of the gravest National importance to every Englishman and Englishwoman the wide world over and as such the Prime Minister of England ought to consider it.

On the 7th of April—THIS "PRIME" MINISTER ACTUALLY HAD THE COLOSSAL IMPERTINENCE TO TELL YOU—YOU MUST BE AIR MINDED ! ! ! !

Notes of the Week

The Bashful Débutante

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald went to the races for the first time on Saturday. He arrived late and left early. No doubt his modesty forbade him to stay to the end for fear of the uproarious plaudits of the mob for which he has done so much.

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Australia's Colour Bar

There is no question of the severity of Japanese competition in the market of manufactured goods. We have all experienced the joys of cheap Japanese socks and jackets and other articles. But the public, apparently, will not recognise that Australia, and not England, is the party to be satisfied. Need we ask ourselves if we shall impose a tariff or a quota against Japan? I myself prefer the simplicity of a tariff, to the vexations of a quota, but it is not only the English market to be considered. Australia is a prime factor in the settlement of the question. Now Australia has laid it down as a law, as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that no coloured labourer, black or yellow, shall put foot in Australia. Whether they are wise in this restriction to keep out coloured labour I do not know. I would merely point out that if they were content to admit Chinese or Japanese labour, their whole problem of the development of Queensland would long ago have been settled, and that province would now be ten times richer than it is. Equatorial or tropical provinces can only be developed by coloured labour, as white men cannot stand working in the tropics. However, that is a matter for the Australians themselves to settle. I only point out that before satisfactory trade relations are established between Japan and the British Empire, Australia must in the first instance be consulted and satisfied, otherwise we are only wasting time and beating the air.

[*The Japanese are clever and industrious and Australia would do well to admit them*].—ED. S.R.

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Upton—Another Nail

The Baldwinite organs are cowed by the result of the Upton by-election, for the explanation is as plain as a pike-staff. Conservatives in greatly increasing numbers refuse any longer to vote for the peculiar "National" brand of Government which is one thing to-day and another to-morrow, and always on the wobble. In seeking to please all shades of opinion it ends up by antagonising all of them. The figures are even more decisive than at North Hammersmith. The Socialist, Mr. Gardner, polled nearly 500 fewer than in 1931, which shows no recrudescence of enthusiasm for Socialist doctrines, but Mr. Facing-both-ways, Macnamara lost over 9,000 votes. The "Conservative" campaign was run this time by the joint "National" organisation, and therefore Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's efforts to bolster up the Government has proved another nail in the coffin of the "National" Government.

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Contempt for Leaders

As usual all sorts of efforts are being made to explain away the defeat. Mr. Macnamara, very generously, put it down to his youthful inexperience, but the simple truth is that some 9,000 erstwhile supporters of what they thought was going to give them a genuine Conservative policy in 1931, find it has failed to do so. Probably the Government's repression of freedom in regard to the new Betting Bill, their attack on greyhound racing, efforts to prevent sweepstakes, lost them considerable support. The public to-day have no use for "Dora" in any shape or form. Their contempt for the Government's leading lights, Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin, is hereby shown in a lurid light once more. The fact is Conservatives want a Conservative policy and they are in full revolt against the present leadership. When will the Carlton Club have the courage to take the bull by the horns, hold a meeting, pass a vote of No Confidence in Mr. Baldwin and thereby save themselves from extinction?

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The Reform of the Lords

The Government's decision last week, as expressed by Lord Hailsham, to take no steps whatsoever in furthering legislation to reconstruct and strengthen the House of Lords, was anticipated. As usual the Government have wobbled on a vital question, and not least to save the face of the Prime Minister, which once again proves the truth of the saying that he who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon. For nearly ten years ago Mr. Baldwin was saying that the Conservatives were pledged to take action and Lord Hailsham's pretext that the Government had no mandate was disingenuous. Whether Lord Salisbury's Bill was the best solution of the problem, peers partly hereditary and partly nominated by the Crown, or no, as "A.A.B." thinks, it was a serious effort and it is a pity he has withdrawn it from Committee after it passed its second reading. As two hundred Conservative M.P.'s had expressed themselves in favour of reform in reply to a questionnaire it is to be hoped they will insist on Mr. Baldwin no longer shelving the matter and breaking his own pledge. Our position, without a Second Chamber for all practical purposes, is a serious menace if the Socialists obtain a majority and carry out their threats.

Mandate Rubbish

The argument of a lack of mandate to reform the House of Lords is rubbish. The Government had no mandate to introduce the " Black Pacts," nor to attempt to force the India White Paper proposals on the nation. They were returned with a wide mandate to repair the damage done by two years of Socialist rule and to make sure that the wild men could not bring the State to its knees for a second time of asking. What insurance are they offering us that Sir Stafford Cripps' threats will not be placed in operation, when, as at present, the last vestige of the Lords' authority can be swept away without any difficulty? The fact of the matter is as always that the Government are made up of individuals who clash in opinion on almost every subject, and so, as a result, they compromise by doing nothing. Who can wonder that Conservative opinion is deserting them hourly?

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The Times and the Houston-Mt. Everest Flight

The Times newspaper is holding an exhibition of photographs taken on the Houston-Mount Everest Flight at Dover, opened at the Corporation Museum by Major Astor, M.P., who spoke of " the courage which first conceived and then accomplished the object," and said they " felt proud of those Englishmen who had earned fame for themselves and honour for their country." Those sentiments are impeccable and fully justified. He added that " The part of *The Times* in comparison was a very humble one." This is also true. The only part *The Times* played in the Houston-Mount Everest Flight was to acquire the photographic rights of the pictures taken, and according to general knowledge it was a profitable commercial venture. *The Times* did not finance the undertaking. Its part in the expedition was certainly humble in so far as any risk or any public spirit was concerned, but its circulation was increased,

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Mean and Shabby

We should not reproach *The Times* for its commercial astuteness, but it is really extraordinary that an exhibition of the Mount-Everest photographs should be opened without so much as a passing allusion to Lady Houston who solely because of her generosity and public spirit enabled the Expedition to be carried through. Not for one moment do we believe Lady Houston cares a brass farthing for any recognition of obligations, but it speaks volumes when one of the proprietors of *The Times* will open such an exhibition and deliberately omit any reference to the lady who made the flight possible. We read, therefore, with amusement printed in the Catalogue of " The Times Exhibition," that journal's " aims." To " reject the stunt " is one of them.

The Inner Story

The truth about the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition is that Lord Clydesdale went to see Lady Houston, and impressed her so much with the boldness and patriotism of his endeavour that she consented to finance it. It was no light cost. Lord Clydesdale, Col. Etherton, Flight-Lieut. McIntyre, Lt.-Col. Stewart Blacker and other members of the Expedition gaily took their lives in their hands to enhance the prestige of Britain. Lady Houston was influenced by the belief that success would impress the natives of India that Britons were not so spineless as their politicians.

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Scotland, Beware!

Stands Scotland where it did? There seems some reason to doubt it, though we tremble to say so. But the report of the Committee on Church and Nation to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland gravely asserts that the population in Scotland is every year becoming " less Scottish in blood, tradition, and religious attachment." It speaks of the necessity of preserving the numerical predominance of the Scottish race in Scotland, which is threatened by the large immigration from Ireland into Glasgow and other towns, with the result that the balance in population between the urban and the rural elements is completely upset. It therefore calls for plans for the resettlement of the countryside, and steps to be taken forthwith to " remedy a situation so fraught with danger to Scotland. Well, there's been a very considerable immigration from Scotland into England—what about it?

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Save Our Shipping

The only way of countering the subsidies which foreign nations give to their shipping, with the intent of destroying as far as possible British shipping, IS TO RE-ENACT THE OLD NAVIGATION LAWS, which insisted that all goods to or from British ports should be carried in British bottoms. These precious laws, along with a great many other advantages, we lost when we lost the American colonies, in the eighteenth century rebellion—a disgraceful misfortune, which we owe entirely to the indolence of Lord North. Of course, in the general clear-up after the war, trifles like our Navigation Laws were allowed to go by the board, and our Mercantile Marine in consequence is on the verge of ruin, and our ports are crowded with laid-up tramps. We ought at once to re-enact the Navigation Laws, and damn the consequences.

The foreign subsidies would soon disappear if it were given out that no ships except British were allowed to trade with British ports. Our Government being ruled by Russia, are afraid to take a strong line like this, but they may be assured that it would be enormously popular, for after all, we

are a seafaring people and if our tramp shipping is allowed to be ruined, it would be a very severe blow to the Government. But Russia would rejoice—*that* is all that matters to this " NATIONAL " Government!

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Frustration and Futility

Gloom which the up-to-date novelist would certainly call inspissated broods over Geneva. Any spirit of hope or confidence that once inspired the League has vanished. The sense of frustration and futility that now weighs on it is well illustrated by the postponement of everything on the agenda of the Council that could be postponed. It was the seventy-ninth session of the Council, and its members, particularly those with " permanent " seats, must have wondered how many more sessions there would be in the future—or how few? For the impression grows even at Geneva, that the League is sickening to death.

Why the League is perishing was in fact indicated by the sheer intractability of the subjects before the Council. The protest of Hungary respecting "regrettable" incidents on the common frontier with Yugoslavia raised the spectre of treaty revision. The continuance of the savage war over the Gran Chaco, aided and abetted by armaments supplied from member States of the League, showed how important the " Geneva Institution " is to control anything or anybody. And the Saar? Dynamite, just dynamite, that may blow the League out of existence!

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Plain Speaking at Last

Last week Mr. Baldwin spoke his usual piece about Disarmament and "Safety Last." The poor old parrot! This week one of the junior members of the Government, Mr. Duff Cooper, described the Disarmament Conference as being still alive but at its last gasp, and said quite frankly that in the coming year large sums of money will be spent in increasing armaments—but why, in the coming year? Large sums, it is well-known, are being expended on them now, a fact of which the Financial Secretary to the War Office, from his position, ought to be cognisant. But he stated the plain, terrible truth when he went on to say that the country was in a " dangerous and exposed position." Well, whose fault is that?

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Wake Up, England

In the meantime the day set for the assembling of the Conference at Geneva is rapidly drawing near and the situation has undergone no change, certainly no improvement. On Monday, just before the French Parliament met after a recess of two months, M. Doumergue, in a broadcast to the nation, said that in view of what was going on in Germany, France felt that her need for security increased rather than diminished, and that it could be secured only by the most serious and effective guarantees. Who is to provide them? As things are, it is not in the least probable that any Power will submit definite proposals, and that being so, the Conference will break up—and " so to bed? " England at least must wake up! She has been asleep far too long already, thanks to MacDonald-Baldwin dope. Arise and *shine*!

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Vive Herriot!

Though our political views are wide apart, we confess to a certain liking for M. Herriot, for he is a gallant fighter and a " straight " man, with a strong conservative trend even in his Radicalism. He was a great success as Mayor of Lyons. Nor do we forget that he faced unpopularity in France when he supported the action of the British Government concerning the War Debts two years ago. There was something uncommonly fine in the speech he made at the congress of the Socialist-Radicals at Clermont Ferrand last week, defending his taking office in the Doumergue National Government in the real interest of France, and expressing his determination to remain a member of it, despite the bitter opposition of a section of the party. That that stout heart of his should have suddenly given way after he had been speaking for an hour or so added an unexpectedly pathetic but strangely dramatic and effective incident to a memorable scene. Of course, he triumphed, though some of his foes were mean enough to suggest a feint instead of a faint.

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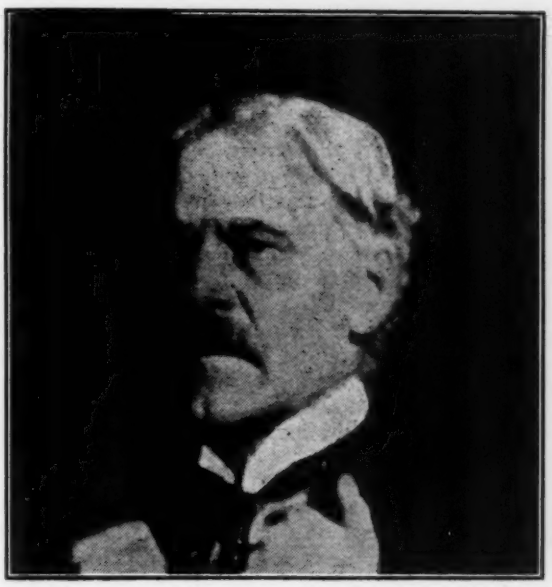
Example to Democracy

That audacious imposter Trebitsch Lincoln was detected and exposed during the war by Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, who was described by William Page, the American Ambassador in London, as one of the real geniuses of the War. The Spartans had a method of making a Helot drunk, and exposing him before their children in order to impress on them the degradation of getting intoxicated. If only children could see what a fool a Helot servant could make of himself, they would never get drunk, when they grew up. Trebitsch Lincoln ought to be trotted out through all the constituencies in England and Scotland, to show what kind of member the Democracy would elect if uncontrolled by wiser heads than their own. Trebitsch Lincoln is now a Confucian monk, with a shaven head, and a yellow gown. He has been in his time a Roman Catholic Priest, a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and finally a member of the House of Commons, being elected by the glorious democracy, to represent a great industrial constituency. I hope that the Liberal party are pleased with their former member, as he now stands revealed before the public.

THE TWO OBADIAHS

Said the Young Obadiah: "What on earth is to be done?"
Said the Old Obadiah: "Cut and run!"



A curious bond unites these two,
This one's knocked down, the other goes too;
Is there anything honest or anything true
They ever have done or ever will do?

THE National Government have lost Upton and no one is surprised, for as long as HANKY PANKY MAC and BALDWIN THE CRAVEN are permitted to lead us down the path that leads to destruction, what else can you expect?

At the General Election the whole country voted for a CONSERVATIVE Government, and Baldwin emerged cock of the walk with nearly 500 Conservative votes out of 615—a cock of the walk who has never had the pluck to crow!!—but has allowed HANKY PANKY MAC to ram down the throats of loyal Conservatives who voted for Conservatism a poisonous weed of which they knew nothing, called by him a "National" Government.

But there is a way out.

Let all true Conservatives who love their country and themselves petition His Majesty the King to exercise his royal prerogative to remove these two incompetents (to call them by a very flattering name) and make the Duchess of Atholl Prime Minister—if Her Grace will consent—or if not, there are several men who are good and true Conservatives available—for until some drastic change is made and the "National" Government wiped out, LIES will every time win over TRUTH.

My aim in writing this is to EMPHASISE EMPHATICALLY the fact that the country has never yet had what it voted for at the Last Election, and that is why the "National" Government loses every By Election.

FOR IT IS THE CONSERVATISM THAT ENGLAND VOTED FOR THAT ENGLAND WANTS, AND ONLY TRUE CONSERVATISM CAN SAVE THE NATION.

I DO NOT WANT YOUR VOTES. I WANT YOUR WELFARE, PROSPERITY, SAFETY AND HAPPINESS.

LUCY HOUSTON.

The House of Lords

By A.A.B.

CHARLES the Second was fond of explaining his well-known indifference to the risk of assassination by saying to his brother, "Nobody will kill me, James, to put you on the throne." In the same way we may say that the nation will not abolish the House of Lords in order to put in their places Kerensky-Cripps, or the heroes of the Trade Union Congress. Let us clear our minds of one delusion which will make the situation plainer. Neither this House of Lords nor any other could possibly act as a bulwark to revolution, if the people of this country seriously intended to have one.

Far other bark than theirs were needed then
To stem the torrent of descending time.

But there is no danger of a revolution. The English people are not of a revolutionary nature. The bigger they talk the less danger there is of a revolution. The British working man has a great weakness for long and threatening words that make his flesh creep, especially in the resolutions of the Trade Unions; but when it comes to action, his violence evaporates, and his common-sense asserts itself. There is, however, one real danger, of which Lord Banbury, with his natural shrewdness, sharpened by his experience as a stock-broker warns us—the financial danger. And I warn anybody who has a shirt to his back, or a few pounds at his bank, not to trust the moderation of the Socialists.

Policy of Pilfer

Lord Banbury expressed the opinion that if the Socialists were returned with unfettered powers, they would make England bankrupt by imposing a surtax of twenty shillings in the pound, and on estates of over £100,000 they might impose an estate duty of 100 per cent. Don't lay the flattering unction to your soul that they would never do anything so dishonest or violent, for this is the policy of the leaders of the Labour Party. And when it comes to money, the working classes are without understanding, and they believe the lies told them that either the money has been stolen from the poor, or that they are only getting their own back. Therefore let us pay all attention to Lord Banbury's warning.

The only way in which I can see that disaster can be prevented is to restore to the House of Lords and to the King the old-fashioned power of vetoing any financial proposal whatever. The King should be entitled to avail himself of the old-fashioned formula of rejection and to say, "*Le roi s'avisera,*" and, the House of Lords, by an ordinary majority, should be empowered to reject a financial Bill in the same way that the House of Commons can do. It is nonsense to say that the Lords would not pay in the case of a new tax; for not only would they pay, but their sons and their grandsons would pay, and their estates be broken up and what good would that do to the working classes? Every individual Peer, on a financial question, has TEN TIMES THE RESPONSIBILITY THAT THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS HAVE. What is the use of having lawyers in the Cabinet like Sir John Simon and Lord Hailsham if they cannot devise apt words to fulfil the primary function of the Conservative Party, namely, to protect the welfare and safety of the Nation.

The whole debate on the Lords was an excellent one, in spite of the malevolent attempts of the Socialists to laugh it out of court, to suppress it in debate, and to pretend it was a dead issue, or to sneer at it as something of no importance. A bad Press, we should also remember, is a worse enemy than a public agitation.

English Gentlemen

It is, of course, impossible to say anything new about the House of Lords. Lord Londonderry distinguished himself at the Carlton Club when he said, "I defy anybody to reform the House of Lords." To give the Second Chamber greater legislative powers would only entangle us in a web of sterile constitutional arguments. The same thing may be said about the personnel of the House of Lords, with which, I believe, the British public is entirely satisfied. We hear about backwoodsmen! What is a backwoodsman? It is a hereditary peer who lives on his own estate and manages his own and his tenants' affairs. As Lord Salisbury's father once said, the majority of peers approach a political question in the spirit of good-humoured indifference. Quite so. And who would not rather be governed by a Somersetshire or Wiltshire peer who lives far from London than by a commercial peer, who promotes companies in Throgmorton Street? The backwoodsman is, in short, a plain English gentleman, whose family has lived on the soil for many centuries, and I much prefer to be governed by him than by one of Mr. Lloyd George's creatures, or by a politician who has been given a coronet to take him out of the way. The House of Commons has always contained as many or more fools as the House of Lords.

I think the House of Lords might enact stricter rules for the exclusion of those peers who either never come near the House for the performance of their duties, or who are unfortunate enough to bring themselves within the reach of the Law. But when that is done, enough has been done. To have an elected House of Lords is a fate from which the gods preserve us. Who would like to see the red seats filled by replicas of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Baldwin? God forbid! These two members of the Government become more meaningless and less comprehensible with every day that passes over our heads. Let the House of Commons be ample room and verge enough to echo their platitudes, but keep them, oh, keep them, from mingling their muddy water with

the hitherto pure and vigorous strains of the Lords' Debates.

I am all in favour of giving peerages to great lawyers, for the Law is one of the few professions which sticks to facts and to evidence, and of course it is true that a clever man can discharge the duties of any office, which he is clever enough to obtain. At the same time, I cannot see why Sir John Simon, who was *facile princeps* in a heavy commercial case at the Bar, or Sir Douglas Hogg, who was a well-known Jury-getter, or any of these gentlemen of the long robe, are fitted for the conduct of the business of Foreign Affairs, or that of the War Office.

The Prime Minister is an ex-tub-thumping veteran Socialist agitator, and his first lieutenant is a dreamy, moody, crypto-Socialist. No foreign nation pays any attention to their intervention in International affairs. They are the emissaries and representatives of a nation utterly defenceless, on land, at sea, and in the air. We should thank God we have still got a House of Lords which costs the nation nothing but which always votes to keep the home fires burning.

Are We Defaulters?

American Budgets Analysed

By Francis Gribble

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will, we may be sure, think once and twice and thrice before he carries out his intention, if it really is his intention, of denouncing Great Britain as a "defaulter" for offering only "token" payments of her indebtedness. He knows too much—knows, that is to say, that, if he does yield to the pressure of Congress in this matter, Mr. Neville Chamberlain will be in a position to make an inconveniently forcible rejoinder.

It will not be necessary, though if it were necessary it would not be unreasonable, to rake up old stories of America's own defaults—the repudiation by a number of the States of loans floated in London, the failure of the Federal Government to discharge financial obligations undertaken in that Treaty of Versailles which recognised American independence, the improper retention of the surplus of the Alabama award, etc.

It will suffice simply to review the story of the War Loan and show, in the light of information now in the possession of the British Treasury—information supplied to the Treasury since the date at which Mr. Neville Chamberlain became Chancellor of the Exchequer—that Great Britain never really borrowed more than a fraction of the enormous sum of which America is claiming the repayment, and that the "token" payments which have latterly been made are not really tokens but represent, with approximate accuracy, interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. on the amount actually and admittedly due.

This can be proved, and, indeed, has been proved, by a close examination of the records of the American munitions taxes and excess profits taxes.

It was a private citizen, Mr. Arthur Rogers of Saint James's Palace Chambers, who first set the enquiry on foot. At Mr. Rogers's request, Mr. C. T. Hallinan, a well-known chartered accountant, undertook an audit and analysis of the American budgets for the relevant years. The results of those investigations were, as a matter of course, communicated to the Treasury. The essential facts in this interesting case were these:

(1) No American money crossed the Atlantic. What America did was to grant us a credit. American manufacturers supplied Britain with munitions and other goods. The American Treasury paid their bills as our agents and debited us with the amounts disbursed. That was the genesis of the loan eventually funded.

(2) The American manufacturers were profiteers. Their charges for their goods were extortionately high and the American Government not unnaturally imposed a special and heavy tax on them. That operation naturally reduced the net cost of the goods to the American Government and the purpose of Mr. Hallinan's audit was to ascertain what this tax amounted to, and what, if any, was the difference between the amount of the payments made by America on our behalf, and the amount of the bill sent to us.

(3) The amount paid out by the American Government for goods supplied to us by American manufacturers was approximately £1,440,000,000. The amount which an audit of the American budgets shows to have been recovered from them by the American tax collector was approximately £720,000,000. Britain, that is to say, received goods which cost the American Government £720,000,000, together with a bill for £1,440,000,000; and we had, until the token payments began, been paying interest on the latter amount.

(4) Some substantial cash payments have been made and the total amount now claimed from us by the United States was recently stated by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in the House of Commons, to be £815,000,000. Deducting from that sum the £720,000,000 taken back into the American Treasury as excess profits duty, we find the net present indebtedness to be just about £100,000,000.

The token payments, as has been pointed out, roughly represent the interest at 3½ per cent. due on that admitted debt. It is most unlikely that either Mr. Neville Chamberlain or any other Chancellor of the Exchequer will ever be induced to pay more.

CATS' CONCERT: By HAMADRYAD

They are at it again at Geneva,
  The pious opponents of strife,
And Disarmament's going to receive a
  New lease of ridiculous life.
There'll be doings and dinners and lunches
  And pulling of wires and intrigue,
And attendant officials in bunches,
  To cheer for the League.

They are at it again at Geneva,
  And as soon as some nut has unfurled,
With a zeal that you'd hardly believe, a
  New method of saving the wurrld,
The statesmen will throw the boloney,
  The experts dispute and discuss,
And that nice Mr. Eden, our Tony,
  Will represent us.

Supported, of course, by John Simon,
  Whose voice may, however, be mute,
If it's true that he wants to call time on
  Disarmament's futile pursuit.
There, too, they will find Arthur Henderson,
  Plain spoken but always refined,
But they tell me that Lossiemouth's tender son
  Is staying behind.

Don't ask me—I find it a poser—
  How bleakly the Council will face
The fact that that wordy old proser
  Is keeping away from the place;
For without him a talk on Disarma-
  ment's bound to resemble at most
The playing of *Hamlet* (the drama)
  Without any ghost.

There may be a wee spot of bother,
  If France, which is full of alarms,
Insists upon raising a pother
  Concerning the Fatherland's arms.
For words will become weighty and meaty,
  And frowns be succeeding to smiles,
If Doumergue should stand pat on the Treaty
  They made at Versailles.

And what with the French in hysterics,
  And Germany arming apace,
As a sideline to swatting the clerics,
  And putting the Jews in their place,
And Musso exclaiming "Per Bacco!
  The League should be put out of pain,"
And fighting still on in Gran Chaco,
  And Hungary grousing again.

With Nippon proclaiming resistance
  To loans for the heathen Chinee,
And Dolfuss demanding assistance
  Against Germany's Truculent Three,
There'll be no one to cavil or quarrel
  If the Council, o'erwhelmed with concern,
Sine die and lock, stock and barrel,
  Should forthwith adjourn.

This Tottering "National" Government

By KIM

IN every direction signs multiply to prove that the MacDonald-Baldwin idea of a "National" Government is tottering to its doom despite its enormous majority in the House of Commons. It resembles a dislodged stone on a mountain side which begins to slip and gradually gathers velocity until it plunges to the bottom of the abyss.

These signs accumulate. Recent bye-elections have been disastrous. Fulham, Hammersmith North, and now Upton cannot be explained away by Portsmouth or Basingstoke, because in the two last the candidates stood for real old-fashioned Conservatism that stands for the SAFETY THAT ONLY A BIG NAVY AND AIR FORCE CAN INSURE to us, whereas in the other three the candidates were wobblers who tried to placate all parties—if Conservative-paid "National Liberals" or Conservative-paid "National Labour," can be considered as Parties—and failed to command the support of Conservatives who are Patriots and who will not assist any longer to bolster up a sham "Nationalism," as represented by the present Government. The defeated candidates call it "apathy," but there is no apathy in Portsmouth or Basingstoke. Apathy is not the word. Disgust and disillusionment are the real words.

Growing Restlessness

Other signs are also present. The Government, who find all the dailies with great circulations opposed to them with a growing restlessness, are trying to find a set-off by using the street poster to proclaim their virtues. Surely here is a sign of weakness! In the House of Commons the Whips are finding it increasingly difficult to apply the lash to Members, who recognise that their days are ending under the present regime. The Government's continued philandering with disarmament in the face of world realities is a treachery which is alienating their firmest supporters. The continued attempts to scuttle from India, and the attitude towards the Dominions are all on a par with a "Little Englander" type of mind utterly repugnant to the bulk of those who returned them with so overwhelming a majority less than three years ago. Another sign are the efforts of the indefatigable Mr. Garvin in *The Observer* to ginger up the "National" Government, but these valiant attempts seems to show little more than huge rents in the unwieldy fabric.

Mr. Garvin's outlook as an apologist is certainly instructive, and as he is believed to have the ear of several members of the Cabinet, it is worth examining. His main effort is to convince the world that the National Government must continue, although he admits if the present Government decides to hang on to office for another two years it may result in "irremediable disaster." He has no opinion of the Conservative Party by themselves. Those who object to the present method "crave for the dear old ruts," and it is therefore not surprising to be told by him that the Conservatives, even if united, could not hope to gain a majority of the nation! Evidently, therefore, in Mr. Garvin's view, the only thing that keeps the "National" Government from putrefaction is the presence of the "Liberal-Nationalists," and "Labour-Nationalists," namely, the Simons, Hore-Belishas, "Jim" Thomases and MacDonalds.

I feel sure I am not doing this henchman of the "National" Government an injustice in this matter because he produces the most extraordinary behest that Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues shall use "the very utmost of their influence," which is becoming nil, to ensure Conservative support for "all National Liberal and National Labour Members who have given staunch service to the common cause." Extraordinary as it is because both Mr. Baldwin and his Party Chairman Lord Stonehaven have been pulling every string to this end for moons without the least success. Nor is the reason difficult to probe. Why should Conservatives vote for men whose political record has always stood for disruption of the Empire and still does? Mr. Baldwin cannot make Conservatives vote for his own persuasion, whatever that may be. His influence in the Constituencies to-day is rapidly dwindling.

Drab and Mediocre

BUT MR. GARVIN SEEMS TO REALISE THAT. He has to admit that Mr. Baldwin's "magnetic power over democracy" is not his strong point. There never was a leader of the Conservative Party more drab and mediocre than this man of "insignificance," as the late Lord Curzon dubbed him on the inauspicious occasion when, as Mr. Harold Nicolson has just told us, the King sent for Mr. Baldwin instead of himself, though it is interesting to reflect that Lord Curzon entirely killed his own prestige with the British public when he climbed down on the House of Lords quarrel with Asquith, and when he showed lack of grip as Viceroy of India. The public have no use for a leader who gets cold feet or who goes back on his principles in an emergency.

Then what is Mr. Garvin's remedy? He wants a "declared national policy or programme" to which all the three elements of "National" unity might subscribe. But there is no unity in the National Party. He wants them allied "for constructive patriotism and against class war." But how could you find these ideals in the discordant elements he endeavours thus to coalesce? So far

we have had nothing but Disarmament Conferences which have led to the disquiet that the people now feel.

We can agree that constructive Patriotism and anti-class-war can be winning cards, but not in the hands of the Baldwin-MacDonald outfit. The public have seen through their spurious attempts and nothing they can do will ever regain their confidence, Mr. Baldwin with the thinking Conservatives or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with the Socialists. Politically they are finished, except that their sins, if they hang on much longer, will be more and more visited on the heads of the Conservative Party. When Mr. Garvin uses such a phrase as the " present patriotic alliance " to describe the Government he must really be utterly out of touch with current opinion. Let him try those words in Lancashire, Yorkshire or a typical London Conservative audience and see what reception he gets.

When so experienced an apologist as Mr. Garvin can put up no better a case than this, the plight of the " National " Government must, indeed, be desperate. No wonder Sir Oswald Mosley is capturing the support of tens of thousands for the spirited Imperialist policy he is enunciating day after day. His success is shown by the vindictive attitude of the " National " leaders, and bottle-washers like Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, who can always be relied upon to do a foolish thing, and now, having lost the limelight since he championed the Socialist Professor Einstein, wants to make the wearing of the black-shirt illegal. Sir Oswald has given sham Conservatism the hardest knock it has ever had. Without being allied to Sir Oswald Mosley I may at least say that unless the Conservatives wake up *AT ONCE* AND REFORM THEMSELVES FROM WITHIN THEY ARE UTTERLY LOST.

If the Socialists obtain power, who have no policy except down with the Monarchy, spoilation, destruction of India and the Empire and class-warfare, *the responsibility lies to-day with the Conservative rank and file.*

If every reader of the *Saturday Review* who reads this and wishes to save a most serious situation will *write to his Member and say plainly that he will refuse to support him unless he throws his weight into the scale to overthrow those traitors* MacDonald and Baldwin, it will have a magical effect. M.P.'s are strongly influenced by their correspondence bag. If the Conservative Party wish to survive and rule they must throw out the leader who has dishonoured them and demand a new and robust leader. Then granted the right man, they can regain renewed confidence and with God's help bring back sanity and truth into Conservatism.

"The Times" and the Duke

YESTERDAY week the pink-and-blue *Times* had a peculiarly insolent leader attacking the Duke of Atholl. It said:

> To catch out an Attorney-General in a breach of the first principles of the Constitution would be splendid political fun. Can it really be true that Sir Thomas Inskip has been privately arranging judgment and sentence with a Metropolitan magistrate before ever his ducal prisoner has been charged? The bones of John Hampden begin to rattle with excitement. . . . Sir Thomas says it is all a mare's nest. . . . Dukes . . . are a truthful class, as this one again assured his peers yesterday. Simple men, however . . . know that human memory is fallible. . . Surely the misunderstanding . . . can be more conveniently [for Sir Thomas Inskip and Messieurs MacDonald and Baldwin?] cleared up over the bar of the Atholl Arms than over that of the House of Lords, etc., etc.

While the Walters remained proprietors of *The Times*, that newspaper became a national institution. Its prestige was partly due to the facts that, on the face of it, *The Times* was more judicial and impartial than any other daily, that its outlook was patriotic, and that it " played cricket." When, escaping the clutches of the Cadburys, *The Times* passed under the control of the late Lord Northcliffe, it may have failed, at times, to " play cricket," but no one could fairly accuse it of not being intensely patriotic and anti-Bolshevik. For example, it dared to reveal to its readers that Jews, as well as Germans, were behind the Russian revolutions, and that our ally Nicholas II and his family had been murdered by the Jewish section of the Soviet. Unfortunately in October, 1922, *The Times* " suffered a sea change." Major John Jacob Astor, brother of Lord Astor (proprietor of the Garvinised *Observer*) and brother-in-law of the erratic but energetic Lady Astor, bought *The Times*, which has ever since remained his property. He, like Lord and Lady Astor, was American-born.

[*Reprinted from " The Patriot "*]

The Voice of Disraeli

" One of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove, what I always suspected before to be an absolute fact—that neither the Crimean War, nor this horrible devastating war, which has just terminated, would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness."—*Disraeli*, 1878.

Imperialist or Imperilist?

By Colonel Sir Thomas A. Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

SOME twenty-five years ago, from a public platform, I suggested that the day would come when party names and petty issues would be abolished, and the one great question of Imperial unity confront this nation. That day is now upon us and, willy-nilly, each individual must take his side, as an Imperialist or an Imperilist. For, let there be no mistake about it, our choice is not between a greater, a grander British Empire and the inglorious but comfortable status of a third-rate Power. It is a choice between a greater British Empire and England's very existence.

Conservatism—as opposed to Baldwinism—has, of course, no choice, knowing with Cecil Rhodes that " we are the first race in the world, and the more of the world we inherit, the better it is for the human race." But there are many men and women in England who care for no political party, yet who, because they are possessed of that touch of imagination and moral courage that others lack, must be swept thereby to the Imperial cause.

"All These Are Ours . . ."

For the Imperialist is the man endowed with the ability to *realise* that a richness of diversity unknown to history lies in our power. The crude vigour of the new countries, the mature wisdom of the old; the highest mountains, the richest plains; extremes of character and of climate—all these are ours to use and to unite as one great force. Moreover, he is the man possessed of the moral courage to fulfil this task, in the most vigorous yet fairest fashion; capable of aspiring to a spirit of affectionate but keenest rivalry among the component parts of the Empire, each to outstrip the others in greatness and well-being; and daring to assume the vast responsibility of ordering the affairs of the world, through such an Empire, to permanent peace.

Only in England, only among Englishmen, would it be possible to hesitate and to fumble before such grandeur, and, paradoxically, the very virtues which fit us for the work cause us to question it. Our toleration, which is the explanation of our colonial success, is allowed to prompt the thought, " How far may we rightly interfere with others? " and its degeneration into the moral cowardice of the anti-Imperialists and the post-war politicians is, naturally, accelerated—under cover of idealism!—by England's every enemy.

Imperialist or Imperilist? As there is only a letter different in the spelling of the words, so the first step to either differs but by a hair's-breadth. Only a little failure to realise the true facts of world conditions, and a man will declare himself for the League of Nations rather than the British Empire, but on that small failure the destiny of the world ultimately depends. For we have in our hands, and must decide within our own lifetime, the survival or the collapse of our present civilisation.

It is not only a question of a world-shattering war, which may well take place unless the British Empire unites to forbid it. It is even more a question of that civil strife within each nation, of the victory or suppression of communistic force and philosophy against which only the united Empire can stand with certainty. Even more—for we live in days of vast issues and the world is our parish—on the maintenance of a strong British Empire the fate of the white races in all probability rests.

Fate of the White Races

" The more we approach to democracy, to the supremacy of labour, to the dictatorate of the proletariat, the more inevitable we are rendering the dictatorship of the coloured man, and his right to settle where he will," wrote Mr. Havelock Ellis, thinking of the unlimited hours of work and the lust for conquest, the effects of which only the might and authority of British rule could stay. Thus we see that the fate of European civilisation is bound up with the fate of the British Empire.

And at this great turning point of history, with the fate of the world in question, are we to be run by small-minded persons, incapable of grasping the essentials of the situation; able, possibly, to visualise one tree but quite incapable of comprehending a forest? Are we still to bear with patience their fussy performances at conferences and their play with paper constitutions, while the reality of the British Empire slips from their nerveless hands? Worst of all, are we to tolerate the self-righteousness of those who are daily spreading moral cowardice and a refusal to face our destiny among our people, in the name of a vapouring virtue?

Words or Action?

Or shall we surge to the great cause of Imperialism with all the added zest for individual and national life and effort which it fosters? Dare we shoulder the responsibility of decisive power, and call all the ingenuity of modern man to assist us in our task? Shall we, in brief, deal in clear-sighted determination, with reality, or shall we palter after wordy inventions—leagues of nations, self-determination, and the like—which are but attempts to escape the weight of the authority Imperial interests carry, attempts, moreover, which imperil not only one political framework, but the chances of the continued stability and progress of the world?

Imperialist, or Imperilist? The course of ages to come depends upon the answer.

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

This instalment opens the last chapter of Mrs. Webster's powerful book. It is headed "The Last Ditch," and compares Britain's "surrender at all costs" policy of to-day with the glorious era of the Empire builders. The nation, she declares, is not decadent; she blames the so-called leaders.

FROM the long series of blunders, lost opportunities, pitiful surrenders and, at moments, even apparent betrayals, recounted in the foregoing chapters, what conclusions must be drawn? Are we to believe that Britain, only thirteen years ago so strong, Britain, the creator and ruler of a mighty Empire, Britain, the cradle of Clive and Wellington, of Drake, Nelson and Pitt, whose Parliament has in the past set an example of orderly legislation to the senates of the world—are we to believe that Britain at the present time is no longer capable of producing statesmen, men of vision and men of courage to save her in her hour of need? Must we believe, as our enemies assure us, that England is decadent, that the British Empire has had its day and must go the way of the dead empires of the past? I, for one, decline to accept this defeatist theory which is being sedulously installed into the minds of the public in order to weaken their resistance to a cataclysm that they are being led to regard as inevitable. Britain is not decadent in the sense that earlier empires which perished were decadent. Gigantic things were accomplished by her during the Great War, and, though the flower of her youth perished, the country still pulsates with life and energy. In the realms of sport, of adventure, of discovery, the young men and women of Britain to-day perform feats of courage and endurance that would have astounded our ancestors. That they are still ready to rally in their thousands to the country's call was seen during the general strike. It is true that they are not politically-minded, and that, in general, the nation, over-intent on sport and pleasure, frequently displays indifference to the course of public events. But these characteristics are not evidence of national decay.

The Grip of Fear

No, the British nation is not decadent to-day, and if it perishes, it will be because the men in control of its destinies have surrendered it to its foes.

What has inspired this suicidal policy? Is it mere inertia, the disinclination to grapple with problems or to face realities? Or has there been throughout some unseen power holding our legislators in its grip and working on their minds through fear?

Our public men have seemed afraid to act. They were afraid of the Sinn Feiners, they were afraid of the Communists, they are now afraid of the Swarajists. The rulers of a nation that stood up to a Ludendorff and a Tirpitz quail beneath the threats of a Gandhi! They were afraid of putting up a determined opposition to the devastating force of Sovietism; they were afraid of what has been described as "setting the powerful international force of Jewry against them."[1]

The Bolsheviks, like the Germans, well know the value of "frightfulness" in warfare. "Intimidation," wrote Trotsky, a Jew, "is the most powerful instrument in politics, international and internal. War, like revolution, is based on intimidation. . . . The same with revolution: it kills units, intimidates thousands."[2]

In every country the same phenomenon has been observed. Whilst refusing to recognise the danger of Bolshevism and the necessity for taking resolute action against it, the politicians have allowed themselves to be intimidated by its representatives and still more by the occult influences working in its favour.

Surrender to the Weakest

But they are not afraid of patriots! "You have nothing to fear from the aristocrats," said Mirabeau to his followers, "they do not pillage, they do not burn, they do not assassinate, what can they do against you?" *Ergo*: stand in with those who do pillage, who do burn, who do assassinate, and you will be safe.

Hence, on the one hand, the policy of surrender in Ireland, India, China, Egypt, the surrender to Socialism at home and to every destructive force within the country, and, on the other hand, the most determined resistance to strongly patriotic movements, the discouragement of enthusiasts, the penalisation of men determined to defend the Empire, the hatred of "Die-Hardism"—by which is meant the resolute adherence to Party principles which others have deserted. In this resistance no weakness is shown.

The only way to conquer intimidation is by counter-intimidation. Fascism triumphed in Italy by showing that patriotism, roused to action, could be more formidable than the forces of disintegration. Until patriotism makes itself feared in this country the power of intimidation exercised by the revolutionaries will continue to hold sway, not in the world of politics alone, but in the worlds of science, of literature and even of "Society" where individuals are to be found imbued with the same spirit of surrender, the same belief that it is advisable to "keep in" with Socialism and even with Communism, as the coming Power. The strange tendency to saw away the branch on which they sat was seen amongst the aristocrats before the first French Revolution and again amongst the nobles of pre-war Russia; but this betrayal of their class availed them nothing when the day of revolution came. The lessons of history show

[1] See *Ante*, p. 368. [2] *The Defence of Terrorism.*

that it is the people who have identified themselves with revolutionary movements who are in the greatest danger at such a crisis, since the first act of every revolutionary government is to destroy all rival factions in order to establish its own ascendancy.

But the present generation has profited nothing by the history of past revolutions. Although for a hundred and fifty years the aristocrats of old France have been held up to scorn for their folly in dancing on the edge of the abyss, the members of what were once the "ruling classes" of our country, with the lessons of the French and Russian Revolutions behind them, remain, in general, completely blind to these warnings and continue to dance, less gracefully, on the edge of an abyss far deeper than that which ingulfed their predecessors.

Horsemanship Revived

The "A.A. of the Gee-Gee"

By Sir Frederick Hobday, C.M.G.

THE revival in riding and in the use of the horse for pleasure has been universal. Evidence of this is to be seen in the "Rotten Rows" of suburban parks and commons, and in the number of riding schools that have sprung up recently. Though this revival may be largely attributed to the fact that the motorist has begun to realise that spending so much time driving about the country gives him no kind of exercise whatever, there is no doubt that the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, by its wonderful organisation, has had a big share in it.

The Institute has been very aptly described as the "A.A. of the Gee-gee." For, just as the Automobile Association enables, in so many ways, the motor owner to get the very maximum amount of pleasure out of his car, so does the Institute of the Horse furnish the horse lover with all the information and facilities to help him derive health-giving exercise and the manifold other amenities from his horse.

The Institute was started some years ago by a few enthusiasts to encourage all kinds of sport connected with riding and to instil into the rising generation the love of that most generous of all animals—the horse. The Duke of Beaufort is the President and Mayor V. D. S. Williams the Chairman of the Council, which includes many prominent sportsmen among its Members. The offices of the Institute are at 66, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

During the last few years the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club has extended its field of activities considerably and, while providing its individual members with many advantages, it has carried out a self-imposed duty to the general public by working for an improved knowledge among those who teach as well as among those who wish to learn. This has been done by holding examinations for Instructors' Certificates, by giving lectures, by issuing a quarterly journal, and by the inauguration of the Pony Club for the encouragement of the rising generation.

More important still is the recent introduction of a special course to further the art of instruction; and the high standard of the course can be judged by the fact that only those who have done especially well in qualifying for an Instructor's Certificate are invited to attend. The Course comprises twelve working days, and successful candidates are awarded a Diploma which carries with it the title of Fellow of the Institute of the Horse.

The examination for Instructors' Certificates is probably the first attempt ever made in this country to raise the standard of knowledge among civilian instructors, and to ensure that they are really competent to teach. Those who qualify are granted an Instructor's Certificate in Horsemanship, Horsemastership and Training the Young Horse, and, judging by the number of candidates, the value of this certificate is very highly appreciated.

The Pony Club, inaugurated to encourage the younger generation—in these days of mechanical transport—to take interest in horses, has been in existence for four years and now numbers over one hundred branches in all parts of Great Britain, with a total membership of over five thousand children. It is open to all girls and boys up to the age of seventeen, after which they become Associates until attaining the age of twenty-one.

It is not generally known that the revival of the International Horse Show at Olympia is due to the efforts of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club. The King has graciously given his Patronage to the show, and the Duke of Beaufort is President. An attractive programme has been arranged, with the spectacular side of the show strongly represented.

A further extension of the Institute's activities is to be made in the direction of arranging riding tours for those who desire to take a holiday in the country in this enjoyable way. Londoners should welcome such a scheme. Members of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club are entitled to information on all subjects dealing with the horse and his welfare, and all sports connected with the horse; for this purpose the Institute has enlisted the aid of experts whose advice is always available.

I feel that many novices might with advantage become members of this useful and public-spirited Institution, from which they could gather much needful help and information.

Big or Little Ships?

The Function of the Battle Fleet

By Lt.-Commander P. K. Kemp, R.N.

THERE has been a lot of talk recently as to the future of the big ship. Critics, both for them and against, have aired their views in the Press and elsewhere, though frequently with a singular lack of knowledge on the subject.

The big ship, whether battleship or battle cruiser, has a very definite place in the formation of a fleet, and so far the ingenuity of man has been unable to invent anything to take its place. Naval organisation is based on the experience of centuries and the modern fleet is composed of the different types of ship, each with its own special duty, but each blending into the supreme force of the fleet as a whole. The most important part is that which can be used as the main offensive weapon, or in other words, the battle squadrons of big ships. They alone have the range and power to fight a pitched battle, which is still the main kind of warfare carried on at sea. The attendant craft: cruisers, destroyers and aircraft carriers; are mainly for scouting, protection from torpedo attack, and spotting.

Turned the Tide

The battle cruiser comes in a slightly different category. She is designed to operate as an individual squadron yet capable of being incorporated into the organisation of the battle fleet proper. Two examples of her use are provided from the Great War. In the Dogger Bank action, it was the battle cruisers which turned the tide in our favour and which created confusion in the German ships. Their appearance in that battle proved them as a formidable weapon when acting as a detached squadron. The second illustration of their use is in the opening stages of the battle of Jutland when they were able to engage the enemy and lead them northward towards the Grand Fleet. That done, they combined as a fighting squadron of the battle fleet itself.

The battlefleet, as a complete entity, is designed firstly to fight a fleet action and secondly to keep the freedom of the seas on the old principle of "a fleet in being." It must be obvious, therefore, that the fleet, as such, is only capable of carrying out its primary object if it is at least as powerful as that of the enemy. The factors on which comparative power is assessed are: (i) Speed. (ii) Range of main and secondary armament, and (iii) weight of broadside, in that order.

It is really a question of "platform" which governs the size of the ship, i.e., the size of hull necessary to give sufficient stability and protection to the armament it is desired to carry. This, in its turn, is governed solely by the range and broadside weight of potential opponents. Eventually, of course, a deadlock is reached when each power possesses equal force, but it must not be thought that this fact is evidence of the uselessness of the capital ship. Far from it. The country which does possess capital ships has an inestimable naval advantage over the country which does not. And conversely, can a country which needs a Navy afford to ignore the menace of its opponents' battlefleet?

Several big ship critics advance the argument of cost as a cogent reason for the passing of the battleship. They point out that with the £7,000,000 or so required for one ship of this class, so many cruisers, or so many destroyers or so many fighter squadrons could be built in her place. The argument is again fallacious. It is as though a man, requiring a dining-room table, went out and bought six tea-tables because he could get them for the same price.

The whole question is one of balance, firstly in the fleet itself and secondly in the organisation of Imperial defence. The necessity for the battleship or battle cruiser as a particular type of ship must be decided on the known facts, which are these. Firstly, against anything but a ship of her own calibre, a battleship is invincible. And secondly, the only answer to a battleship is a battleship. That is the position in a nutshell.

So Much for Safeguards!

By HAMISH BLAIR

(The Man on the Spot)

CONGRESS has dropped one bluff over the White Paper and is trying to put another across. For years that body has scouted every attempt of an obsequious Government to curry favour with it, and has kept on insisting that complete independence was the only goal worthy of the strivings of Indian politicians. Animated by the same sentiment it has led the universal chorus of denunciation of the White Paper during the past year. The visible stiffening of British opinion, however, which has taken place within the last few months has given it pause. The conviction is gradually gaining ground in India that there is no chance of modifying the White Paper in any sense favoured by " Indian opinion." On the contrary the steady growth of Diehard influence at home suggests that any change that may be made will be in the opposite direction.

In face of this situation the Congress feels that its boycott policy has been a mistake. At a recent conference of its leaders at Delhi it was resolved to " take up the Government's challenge in relation to the forthcoming elections," and to put forward Congress candidates at the same. The main plank in their platform will be " to reject the proposals contained in the White Paper and get them replaced by the national demand " (for complete independence).

This, of course, is another bluff, pure and simple, or rather it is an attempt to save face. What it means is that the Congress, together with all the other discontented factions (and that means every faction in Indian politics, great and small) will swallow its past profession, accept the White Paper if it goes through and then utilize it as a lever to make the British position impossible.

Don't Trust the Pirates!

Some of the Government's simple-minded bottle-holders in the Indo-English press have hailed this development as an encouraging sign; as an indication that Congress will join hands with authority to inaugurate the " new era " to the tune of co-operation and mutual good will! There is as much chance of that as of Stalin being metamorphosed into an Exeter Hall revivalist. When a vessel was boarded by a gang of pirates in the good old days, were they generally content to travel as ordinary passengers, or did they take entire charge prior to scuttling the ship and murdering the crew?

Incidentally, the movement has brought into strong, if slightly comic relief the value of the so-called " safeguards " by which the British in India are to be protected after they have surrendered the reins of power to the Indian politicians. Pandit Malaviya, a leading exponent of sedition—that is to say, an influential member of the Congress party—has just negotiated a settlement of the electoral quarrel between the Hindus and Mahomedans of Bengal. Or rather, he would have negotiated it successfully if one of the conditions of the pact had not been that both parties should combine to snaffle certain of the seats allotted to the British community under the communal award!

Pandit Malaviya seems actually to have assumed that the British would willingly surrender some of their microscopic representation in order to patch up the age-long differences between the Muslims and the Hindus. When he went to Calcutta and put his ingenuous scheme before the (British) Europeans there, they promptly turned it down, greatly to his amazement and chagrin. They refused to give up a single seat either to the Mahomedans or to the Hindus.

The Pundit Gets Angry

The Pundit went to the Governor of Bengal, and urged him to bring pressure to bear upon the British community so as to enforce the giving up of the seats required by himself and his Hindu-Muslim brethren. He got no more change out of the Governor than he had out of the Calcutta Europeans.

Then he angrily announced his intention of taking the matter up to the Viceroy. " And," retorted Mr. Jinnah, the Mahomedan leader, to whom we are indebted for the story, " suppose the Viceroy gives the same reply as the Bengal Governor, what shall we do? "

" We shall then," said the Pundit, " go to England, and *persuade the British Cabinet to force the Europeans (British in India) to part with their excessive number of seats* "!

Mr. Jinnah, whose co-operation was invited in all seriousness, turned down the proposal as decisively as the Europeans themselves. It is probable that the Viceroy, if and when he is appealed to, will do the same. One speaks with rather less confidence about the Ramsay-Baldwin Cabinet!

It is true that Malaviya is now a very old man, and that this astounding proposition may be largely debited to this account. But he is hardly in his dotage. At the worst he is an old man who, in his hurry to grasp at the full fruits of the coming surrender, has rashly blurted out more than his astuter congeners would have wished to reveal.

However that may be his threat to despoil the British in Bengal of one of their most important " safeguards " in the most arbitrary manner gives food for thought. The threat has been uttered at a time when the fate of the White Paper policy is (according to the mandarins at home) in the balance. If the Pundit is so ready to sandbag the Europeans now, when Britain is still supposed to be weighing his fitness for the exercise of power, what may he not be capable of when the great surrender has been made and he finds himself in office without any restraining influence?

India, May 1st.

The Patriot King

Charles the Second—A Tory-Democrat

KING Charles the Second was a successful and beloved ruler because he understood his people. Most of his life was spent in struggling with politicians, and the failures that the Whig historians have ascribed to him were really due to the short-sighted stinginess of the politicians of those days and the great men who pulled their strings.

There are words of his which sound to-day like a clarion call. " I will look merely to what is just and best for the honour and good of England and will be very steady in what I resolve, and if I be forced to a war I shall be ready with as good ships and men as ever was seen and leave the success to God."

Rochester accused the King of never having said a foolish thing nor ever having done a wise one. History proves to-day that he accomplished against almost overwhelming odds much that required not only wisdom, but courage.

The Old English Spirit

It used to be said of Clemenceau that he formed a French public opinion which was the real cause of victory. Certainly he reminded France of forgotten traditions and gathered together all that was best in the nation to resist aggression. Charles restored the old English spirit. He was the Merry Monarch. " This Government," writes Pepys, " was as natural to them as their food or raiment, and naked Indians dressing themselves in French fashion were no more absurd than Englishmen without a Parliament and a King."

He understood that English people want to be cheerful as well as to be free to say what they think. Moreover, he was a man of moderation and tolerance, and had no desire to avenge himself on those who had driven out the Stuarts.

Hyde, the Lord Chancellor, expressed his message to the nation just after the Restoration. " The King is a suitor to you . . . that you will join with him in restoring the whole nation to its primitive temper and integrity, its old good manners, its old good humour and its old good nature; good nature, a virtue so peculiar to you . . . that it can be translated into no other language, hardly practised by any other people. . . . Let not piety and godliness grow into terms of reproach and distinguish between the Court, and the City and the Country, and let not piety and godliness be measured by a morosity of manners, an affectation of gesture, a new mode of speaking. . . . Very merry men have been very godly men, and if a good conscience be a continual feast, there is no reason but men may be very merry at it."

Charles the Second had experienced humiliation and despair. He had dealt with men and women and had no sentimental feelings in the abstract, but he was most extraordinarily kind even to those who least deserved it, and kindness is a peculiarly English virtue.

Moreover, though he looked on merry-making and made merry himself with an ironical knowledge of how little it all meant, he did know that it was good for his people to be merry and find enjoyment in the simple things that they have always loved.

The English conscience has never been really hard on carnal failings. His mistresses did not shock popular feeling. For he was essentially human, and made no pretence to be better than he was. As Mr. Arthur Bryant writes in his " King Charles the Second ": " To the heart of the English common people there was something very appealing in this all too human King. Supping with the jockeys at Ned Griffin's; offering a man who had stood on his head at the top of a steeple a patent to prevent anyone doing it but himself; loving to see, and be seen, at cock-matches, horse-races and plays, ' where he never failed to move the heart of every spectator,' he was the very embodiment of the nation which, when it could forget religion and politics, was the best-humoured in the world."

His knowledge of the English temper was perfect, and he was at his best when the House of Commons came surging in convinced that he was about to surrender in the matter of the Exclusion Bill. With a few sharp words he ordered the Chancellor to dissolve them. "Though I have seen the distractions and dejections of routed armies (a prospect dismal enough), yet nothing ever equalled this day in this place at the surprising dissolution of Parliament," so wrote an eye-witness. " But Charles," says Mr. Bryant, " ' with a most pleasing and cheerful countenance' laid his hand on the shoulder of a young member who was helping him to disrobe, and observed to him, ' I am now a better man than you were a quarter of an hour since; you had better have one king than five hundred.' "

He Loved His People

There is nothing that the English nation loves so much as courage, and Charles himself was utterly unmoved by those dangers of assassination which King Alfonso of Spain described as the professional risks of a Sovereign's trade. There were strange reserves in his seeming recklessness. He moved heaven and earth to pay off the debts of his family. He was lavish enough to the people he loved, but all he spent on them was nothing in comparison with what he required for the defence of his Kingdom. He was a sailor who loved the sea, and it was not his fault that we suffered the Dutch humiliation. His rule was founded on the love of his people, and when he died he could face his fate with the knowledge that he had done his best for his country.

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW 19.5.34.

CHARLES THE SECOND

THE MERRY MONARCH

was a good and wise King for England

An Empire Air Programme

What the Map Reveals

By Oliver Stewart

A LITTLE more than one hundred and fifty years ago John Palmer, a theatrical manager, became infuriated with the Post Office because, he decided, it was carrying the mails too slowly. He made himself a nuisance about it and finally drew from the officials of that time pompous defensive " statements " which are being echoed in every particular by the officials of to-day. When Palmer said that the mails ought to go twice as fast, the " oldest and ablest officers in the service " replied that any acceleration of the mails would be commercially disastrous. One prominent official expressed amazement that " any dissatisfaction or desire for change should exist." He added that the post, as then managed, was " admirably connected in all its parts, well regulated, carefully attended to, and not to be improved by any person not acquainted with the whole."

How exact is the parallel in the air mail position to-day?

Double the Air Speeds

With the horse as vehicle, John Palmer said that he could double the speed of the mails; whereas officialdom ridiculed him. To-day, with the aeroplane as vehicle, there are John Palmers who say that they can double the speed of our air mails and bring them up from cruising speeds of ninety-five miles per hour to two hundred miles per hour, while authority unites in saying that the mails cannot be carried any faster in safety without commercial failure. John Palmer was given his chance by Pitt, and did double the speed of the mails, and, so doing, increased their commercial efficiency and instituted the fastest and most reliable system of horse transport the world has seen. It remains to let history repeat itself and to let somebody double the speed of the air mails. What are the possibilities?

Air transport, applied with courage and determination to the needs of the British Empire, holds out possibilities for national development which might exceed in scope and in romantic appeal the achievements of the Empire builders of the past. It is in the highest degree pathetic and humiliating to appreciate the great powers of aviation and to study the map and see how our rulers are ignoring them. The map of existing international communications shows how the need for rapid communications has been catered for up to the present. The steamship routes curve and curl all over the world. They are pre-eminently the weight-carrying routes. The air routes, which are pre-eminently the high speed routes, are beginning to branch from Europe. But of all those air routes only two of major importance emanate from England, AND THEY ARE THE SLOWEST AIR ROUTES IN THE WORLD.

That is our national air system as it stands at present; that is what receives the plaudits of Members of Parliament and often enables a Minister to save his department from an awkward question about air progress by evading it, much as a racing motor car driver takes an escape road when he finds the corner of the true course too much for him. Our air routes, considered as passenger lines, have great merits. But considered as mail lines they fail in many particulars. The Empire is crying for fast mail services more vociferously than ever baby cried for milk; but the Government and its elected air-carriers does not even begin to see the need, or to heed it. It is like one of those blousy mothers, who become so absorbed in the discussion of some local scandal with a neighbour, that the cries of their underfed infants go unheeded. And it is no excuse to offer figures showing how small is the amount of Empire mail actually posted to-day. That is tantamount to saying that, as no one bought safety razors before they were invented, it was no use inventing them.

It has already been mentioned that British passenger aeroplanes, offering drawing-room comfort, have been built capable of flying at 175 miles per hour. Many American passenger transport aeroplanes can fly at 200, 215 and 220 miles per hour. Recently the trans-Continental journey of 2,609 miles from Los Angeles to New York was done in just over thirteen hours elapsed time, or an average speed of more than two hundred miles per hour, all stops included. A specialised air mail express service could probably work to a schedule of two hundred miles per hour with a good percentage reliability. It could certainly work to a two hundred miles per hour cruising speed and a one hundred and eighty miles per hour schedule. The technical problems have been solved. No aeronautical engineer to-day will deny the possibility of a two hundred miles per hour air mail service over long distances. They may say that it would be expensive; but they will not say that it is impossible.

Days Saved

And what would two hundred miles per hour cruising speed mail services mean to the Empire? Great circle distances may be taken as a rough guide, because actual distances must vary with the airports of call. The great circle distance between London and Calcutta is 5,124 miles. The great circle distance between London and Sydney *via* Calcutta is 10,774 miles or *via* Cairo, 11,082 miles, and between London and Durban 5,907 miles. Express mails, if they flew on a great circle course, would reach Calcutta from London in about one day and a half, and they would reach Sydney from London in a little over two days' elapsed time. With adequate frequency of service, which has already been referred to as an essential in any well-devised mail service, a reply

could be received to a letter sent to Calcutta in about three days and to Sydney in about five days, or less time than is taken for the single journey by the existing comfortable but slow passenger aeroplanes.

Schedule speeds of 180 miles per hour call for maximum air speeds in the neighbourhood of 230 miles per hour, for night flying and for highly developed ground organisation. But already the Americans are contemplating 180 miles per hour schedule *passenger* services, and they advanced their schedules from 120 to 150 miles per hour in eighteen months. To the person who believed in fast air mail transport and who had the courage to put his faith in it, the two hundred miles per hour schedule is not impossible and the one hundred and eighty miles per hour air mail schedule is immediately practical. But no one with courage has tackled air mail transport yet. The outlook of those who have charge of British civil aviation has been almost always—though not quite always—a petty outlook. They cannot see, or are afraid of, the greatness that might be theirs.

Canada, which has its own system of internal air lines, has been left out of our air communications programme ever since airships failed to come up to expectations, because the Atlantic is " much too wide." Long sea passages frighten our air transport officials, and the northern route, over which Balbo took his armada, is said to be unsuitable for ordinary air lines—a view that has never yet been tested. So the best they can do is to suggest a " ship-to-shore " service, a sort of hop-skip-and-jump line.

When one studies the petty official plans for the future of Empire air mails, whether it be to Canada or anywhere else, one feels like crying with rage and disappointment. The authorities are incapable of understanding the magnitude of their task or the possibilities that lie in its achievement. They resemble a coffee-stall proprietor who is suddenly put in charge of the Savoy Hotel. The task is too big for them, and it is time that someone able to cope with it, some 1934 John Palmer, took their place.

The Murder of a Doctor

By Arthur Lambton

Hon. Secretary and Co-Founder of the Crimes Club

OF all cases in criminology there is none that interests me more than the following because of the stupendous psychological interest. For here we have a man of science, a man of vast intellect, a Professor at one of the most famous institutions in America,* who, entirely through mental anguish caused by the importunities of a persistent creditor, so loses his self-control as to stoop to the greatest of all crimes. But there is also another side to the question, and if anybody who reads this is contemplating murder let him pause, and note carefully what I have to say.

Webster was Professor of Chemistry. Yet with all his knowledge, notwithstanding he had constant access (and in the strictest privacy) to the best of laboratories, he *failed to dispose of the body.* So let this act as a deterrent to any who contemplate following the Professor's example. With these prefatory remarks, as Mr. Gradgrind would observe, " let us state the facts."

In the year 1850 there resided in Boston a medical practitioner named Parkman. He had advanced to Professor Webster a sum of money on a mortgage upon certain property. But without acquainting Parkman, Webster parted with the title deeds to a third party. Upon ascertaining this Parkman protested to the Professor. The latter answered the protest by inviting his creditor to call upon him " when he would pay him in full." Webster kept his word. The appointment was for two o'clock in the afternoon, and from that hour Parkman was never again seen alive.

Naturally, after the doctor's disappearance the Professor was visited, and he proceeded to describe the purport of Parkman's visit, and stated that upon receiving the cash in cancellation of the bond, his visitor had gone off " highly pleased, and had descended the stairs two steps at a time." Largely through Webster's loquacity suspicion was aroused. For instance, he was especially anxious to prove that Parkman had been seen since his departure from the college, and to two or three people he put the question, " You saw Dr. Parkman at such-and-such an hour, didn't you ? " And more peculiar still he presented the college porter with a goose, much to that worthy's amazement.

Lastly the chief of police received various anonymous letters all accounting for Parkman's movements, and close examination of these letters tended to the belief that Webster had written them in a disguised hand. Accordingly a search of the Medical College was instituted, and in the vault connected with Professor Webster's laboratory, part of a human body was found. In the laboratory furnace itself among the ashes were discovered bones, mineral teeth, and melted gold. Among the bones was part of a human jaw. This put the rope around the Professor's neck. For shortly before the crime a dentist had made Parkman a set of false teeth, and this human jaw exactly fitted the mould. In addition the dentist was almost positive the mineral teeth were of his make, and of course the fusing of the gold plate in the fire would account for the melted gold.

When the Professor stood his trial it was proved that he had borrowed a heavy sledge-hammer from

* Grove Street Medical College, Boston.

a smith, and this was discovered behind the laboratory door. An inordinate quantity of fuel too had been consumed in the furnace, and the laboratory was freshly washed and cleaned, and none of the college servants had performed this office. The hitherto unblemished character of the Professor was the strong card of the defence, but Webster also doubly erred in trying to fix the crime on the college porter.

The verdict was a foregone conclusion. Despite strenuous and influential endeavours to save him, Webster was hanged, (this was of course before the days of electrocution).

The story points a moral as I have observed. Constant dunning may unbalance the brainiest of men. Webster lost his head badly. It was inevitable that Parkman's disappearance would provoke comment. It was equally certain that the appointment would be known to others. Webster's own loquacity would draw attention to it. But the all-important point in the tragedy is the fact that it is practically impossible to dispose of a body, so as to leave no traces. Webster failed. So did Landru years afterwards. But Webster had at his elbow every appliance, and it is on that account the more striking instance.

It is a melancholy fact, but certain criminals do excite in us a certain sympathy. Crippen of course is an outstanding example, but Webster is decidedly another, despite his false accusation of the college porter. One realises what mental agony he must have passed through, owing to Parkman's importunities. At any rate we of the Crimes Club hold those views, and they are admirably summed up in the words of the late James Atlay—one of the greatest criminologists that this country has ever produced—" Our hearts rather go out to Professor Webster."

The Milk Problem

By A Practical Dairy Farmer

ROME is burning while our Government Nero's fiddle and very soon it will be too late to save the citadel. What is vital is that the authorities, medical and civil, should decide exactly how much treatment after production is necessary to make the ordinary milk produced in this country fit for consumption by the children of the nation. Until then, this bogey of surplus milk will continue to depress the price of the liquid article, until it is produced not only without the barest profit but at a definite loss.

The monthly milk cheque is all that stands between many farmer and total failure. They must pay their men and their wages do not fall with the price of milk. It seems unfortunately certain that as a result of the hastily assembled Milk Board and the too little studied working out of its methods the consumption of milk in its natural form has decreased. Imported tinned milk has been taking its place. It has the advantage of keeping and it can always be obtained. Nowadays in most country places it is almost impossible to buy a pint of fresh milk from the farms. In the old days every farm did a little trade in bottle and jug. To-day all this milk goes into the churns and most of it goes to swell the vast amount of surplus milk.

The public wants education in the value of milk as an article of food, more particularly as the essential food for young children. As soon as any scheme is put on foot to provide a cheap supply for school-children and the poor, the medical profession raises a chorus of protest. " The milk must be tubercle tested, it must be clean and it must then be pasteurised." It is obvious that milk like all other food should be as pure as possible, but is not the bogey of tubercle infection being rather overdone? It is common knowledge that every-one possesses anti-bodies which add to the defence against germs. The weaker members of the race have naturally less resistance and it is not denied that children are more easily affected than adults. But this question arises—would these weaker children avoid the danger of infection if they drank no fresh milk? Tubercle can be spread by many other means than milk.

It is admitted that exposure to infection gives a certain immunity eventually to those who survive. We are nowadays bringing up more than enough weaklings and it would be madness to weaken the stamina of the whole nation for their sake. The South Sea Islanders perished wholesale when attacked by germs to which the European was accustomed. It is quite possible that to isolate all children from tubercle germs would merely strengthen the hold of " the white scourge." Far better to take risks intelligently and hope that the strength given by fresh milk will enable the child to overcome any assault of disease.

If the child is deprived of its necessary food, its lowered vitality will make it less able to resist germs of all kinds, and will add another member to the army of the C.3.

The truth is that pure, disease-free milk cannot be produced at the price paid to farmers to-day. Until measures can be taken to reduce the huge amount of surplus, the farmers ruin is growing nearer. The farmer demands that all foreign milk and milk products should be kept out. Our surplus can supply all the country's needs. Give the children the milk they ought to have. If it is essential to pasteurise—then *pasteurise*, but for heaven's sake get on with it before the children are starved and the farmers completely ruined.

Roosevelt Tells the World

By Robert Machray

OF the two gigantic "experiments" in the politico-economic field, made by the Soviet and the United States respectively, far more is known and understood of the working out of the Bolshevik plan than of the American. Many books have been and are being published about the former, very few so far about the latter, though there has been enough and to spare on the subject almost every day in our papers, thanks to the monstrous garrulity of their American correspondents, which, however, has indisposed many people to read their dispatches.

But now the author of the American plan, its chief executant and unwearying propagandist, President Franklin Roosevelt himself, tells the world about it in "On Our Way" (Faber, 7s. 6d.), a book which is, in brief, his account of the first year of the "New Deal." On the "jacket," inside, the claim is put forward that the work is the "most dramatic document of world affairs to-day." Well, it isn't.

That "Uplift" Business

A document in the special sense—yes; in view of its authoritative source, it is important, historically valuable and no doubt factually reliable. But dramatic—no! That there was the real stuff of drama in the first year and probably a great deal of it is certain, but the sense and the sweep of it are simply not in the book. It is a plain, straightforward, undistinguished narrative of the year's proceedings, set out in chronological order, just a little dull most of the way, perfectly intelligible despite Americanisms, but not rendered more interesting or alluring by its insistent exploitation of the "Uplift" which appeals to so many 100 per cent. Americans.

On becoming President Mr. Roosevelt was pledged to solve the immense problem presented by the "almost complete collapse of the American economic system," and he went to work with a courage and a confidence distinctly admirable and impressive in formulating and carrying out, step by step yet expeditiously, his "new public policy." If all this involved a revolution, it was at any rate a peaceful one, "achieved without violence," as he rightly states; he denies that it was either Fascist or Communist, though it has been accused of being both, and he explains the New Deal as a combination of the Square Deal and the New Freedom.

After reforming American banking, the President grappled with the extremely bad "farm situation," which was at the bottom of the depression quite as much as was industrial overproduction, and he succeeded in driving up the price of wheat and other commodities. But after the rise, there was a fall, and the present price of wheat, the pivotal agricultural factor, is not encouraging. Then, having given attention to the railways, he tackled the general question of unemployment, and here, owing to a lavish expenditure of public funds, his success has been marked, though how far the improvement is permanent is another matter.

His programme developed quickly. In May-June, last year, the National Recovery Act—the famous "NRA"—came into operation, and a National Recovery Administration was set up, with an allocation of the prodigious sum of 3,300 million dollars for public works. It may perhaps be noted here that throughout his book Mr. Roosevelt speaks of a billion where we should say a thousand millions or a milliard. He apportioned in big blocks the money at his disposal, among them being 200 million dollars as a start in Navy building "to catch up," he points out, "with our London Treaty naval strength." Since then the amount for naval construction has been increased three-fold.

There is no disarming modesty in Mr. Roosevelt's appraisal of the NRA. He says:—

> History probably will record the National Industrial Recovery Act as the most important and far-reaching legislation ever enacted by the American Congress. It represents a supreme effort to stabilise *for all time* (my italics) the many factors which make for the prosperity of the Nation and the preservation of American standards.

Sheer Humbug

In the book there is nothing new about the World Economic Conference, Disarmament, or the Gold position. Considering how the President's action at the outset of the conference nullified whatever chance it had of success, it seems just humbug, to use no harsher word, for him to write: "Secretary Hull, with magnificent force, prevented the conference from final adjournment and made it possible, we all hope, for a renewal of its discussions . . ."

The well-known views of the President on Disarmament are restated in this volume, but are now quite out-dated by the recent march of events which puts Disarmament out of the question.

At the end of 1933 Mr. Roosevelt felt able, being the optimist he evidently is, to declare that the outcome of the NRA and other supporting Acts was "a larger degree of general happiness in every part of the land than we had had for *many* (my italics) years"—an extraordinary claim, to say the least of it. The last chapters of the book which bring it up to March 4 of this year give no clear indication of the continued success or otherwise of the New Deal.

When the President launched his colossal campaign the vast majority of the people of the United States supported him enthusiastically, and for months he was much the most popular man in America. To-day there seems scarcely any diminution of the hold he has on his countrymen, and "Business" speaks gratefully of "brightened horizons." But the end is not yet. The world awaits the issue.

Curzon from the Diplomatic Angle

THE late Marquis Curzon had two distinct careers: one as Viceroy of India, the other as Cabinet Minister.

In the one he showed himself a great administrator, the stern apostle of efficiency in gearing up the whole Indian administrative machinery.

In the other, despite his outstanding gifts, he was to some extent at least a failure.

To judge, then, of his life's achievements, it would be unfair to take solely into account his last few years and forget all that preceded them.

This particular point needs emphasising when a book such as that of Mr. Harold Nicolson ("Curzon the Last Phase," Constable, 18s.) is certain to receive, and fully deserves to receive, the widest attention both from the Press and the reading public.

For, with the charm of Mr. Nicolson's brilliant phrase-making and vivid pen pictures exercising a hypnotic influence on him, the average reader may well be inclined to regard this book as an eminently sane and just summing up of Lord Curzon's whole life and work.

Curzon's Strength and Weaknesses

In treating of this "last phase," Mr. Nicolson gives his reader a penetrating psychological study of the man, his strength and his weaknesses: his high imperialistic ideals, superb memory, intellectual curiosity, power of assimilation, genius for lucid expression and oratorical capacity of a high order, redoubtable industry and great will-power on the one side, and lack of any keen sense of proportion, excessive egoism, rigidity of temperament and character and an extreme combativeness (giving way at times to an equally extreme despair) on the other.

He shows that Curzon's upbringing and physical infirmities had their effect on his character: his spinal trouble induced both a spiritual and a physical rigidity, while "the self-righteous materialism of the Victorian bourgeoisie" accounted for the "middle-class" complex which cultivated a "proud aloofness," but could never quite rise to the "unassuming dignity of the complete aristocrat."

Perhaps Lord Curzon's most unaccountable action was his part in drafting the famous Declaration of August, 1917, and his substitution for Montagu's vague "self-government" of the more precise and significant expression "responsible self-government," without appreciating at the time the implications of the term he had employed—surely one of the strangest examples of the aberrations of a really great mind.

This story naturally finds no place in Mr. Nicolson's book, which starts with the year 1919 and ends with Curzon's death in March, 1925. He tells us, however, of the fall of the Coalition Government, omitting, curiously enough, to record that it was through the "ratting" of the Proconsul that the final coup was given to the Lloyd George administration—a point on which the recently issued Salvidge Life was most illuminating.

Mr. Nicolson makes up for this omission by giving us a vivid picture of Curzon's mortification when (in 1923) the news was brought to him that Mr. Baldwin had been sent for by the King.

> Curzon gasped. The dream of his lifetime lay shattered at his feet. Lord Stamfordham left him. In an agony of mortification he collapsed into a chair. Lady Curzon tried to console him. He wept like a child. He had forgotten Baldwin. Nobody had ever thought of Baldwin. "Not even a public figure," sobbed Curzon. "A man of no experience. And of the utmost insignificance." He bowed his face in his hands. "The utmost insignificance," he repeated.

This was not the only occasion when Curzon wept. We are given a similar picture of him in 1922 when he had accused Poincaré of disloyalty and Poincaré gave back insult for insult.

But if, like the classical heroes, Curzon sometimes took refuge in tears, he could also on occasion intimidate even the boldest heart by his magnificence. There is the delightful story of the French Admiral whom Curzon frightened by his disdain.

Relations with Mr. Lloyd George

Mr. Nicolson acquits Curzon of any blame for the mistakes made in foreign policy in the era of "the garden suburb" at No. 10 and of open Conferences. He asks, however, the question why Curzon did not resign instead of staying on to be overruled, sometimes ignored by Mr. Lloyd George. The answer he supplies to this question is that Curzon did not wish to go back into the wilderness from which he had emerged with such difficulty and that he still felt he might do something to lessen the effects of the Prime Minister's impulsiveness.

Whether that answer is wholly satisfying or not—it is probably not an incorrect interpretation of Curzon's motives in sticking to office. And in justice to Curzon it should be remembered that, after he was free from the interference of Mr. Lloyd George, he was solely responsible for scotching the Russo-Turkish alliance at Lausanne and for the final settlement with Turkey; and that it was he too who, by a strongly worded Note emphasising that there were limits to Britain's patience, brought the Soviet Government quickly to heel in 1923.

If there is one criticism to be made of Mr. Nicolson's masterly exposition of this "last phase" it is that he appears at times to be wavering between two rather different objects: a biography of Curzon and the setting out of his ideas on the "new" democratic diplomacy.

C.R.

Who is This "Indian Judge"?

By Clive Rattigan

MANY people in this country are blissfully ignorant about anything appertaining to India and its administration. This ignorance accounts for much that has happened and is happening in connection with Britain's relations with India. It also probably accounts for the ready acceptance by the well-known publishers, Messrs. Lovat Dickson, of the genuineness of the so-called "Letters of an Indian Judge to an English Gentlewoman" (7s. 6d.), which they have just published with the following Publishers' Note:

These letters were not written with a view to publication. They are now printed with the author's permission, but for obvious reason no name appears on the title page. The book is published without a preface, since it seemed best to allow the letters to speak for themselves. Apart, however, from the intrinsic interest and charm of subject and style, the value of the book depends upon the readers being convinced of the letters' authenticity. The publishers have satisfied themselves that they are genuine.

The letters are doubtless "genuine" in the sense that they have been written by someone. But all the details set out in the letters are so palpably imaginary that one may be excused perhaps for entertaining the very gravest doubts as to whether these letters ever emanated from the source mentioned in the title and suggested by the text.

The Peripatetic Judge

Here are the salient details:

The writer, having just returned to India from Cambridge, receives kindness from the lady of the letters at a party at Government House, Calcutta.

He is sent "on probation" to Myosein, Burma. Nothing about his duties, but he is under the Commissioner and meets "the villain of the story," Mr. Nigel Hill, who, as the story proceeds, is shown to be an autocratic and unsympathetic Civilian who hates the "Wog."

Nigel Hill becomes Commissioner.

Author receives an offer from the Bazaar offering for Rs.55 to remove Nigel Hill.

Transfer to Secretariat at Rangoon.

His son Arvind is born.

Becomes "full-fledged Judge of the High Court," Rangoon.

Nigel Hill now Chief Secretary, "Upper Provinces." Author goes on short duty to Shillong, not to "function" there, but to "go out on District work."

Goes to Calcutta for work "in the Courts" (as presumably a High Court Judge). Is offered a huge bribe.

"Suddenly torn away because of an unexpected assassination to duty in Bombay."

"Unexpectedly" back in Burma again, to try Burma rebels. Then returns apparently to High Court work in Rangoon.

Meets Nigel Hill (now knighted), who has come for a Conference. Nigel Hill unchanged except for his title and scarlet-coated chuprassis.

Author speaks of himself as "Judge of the High Courts" (not perhaps inappropriate in view of the above record).

Sir N. Hill, Governor of Northern Provinces, and author's son Arvind posted there, to author's dismay.

Author selected for 2nd session of Indian Round Table Conference.

Sees in paper that "Governor of Northern Provinces" has been assassinated and that his own son Arvind is the murderer.

Goes back to India, visits his son (guarded by Punjabis) in jail, gets medicine in tablet form from his old medical friend, Colonel Shawn, for his insomnia, being warned that too many tablets would mean death. Passes the tablets to his son, who thus peacefully dies.

In the last letter the writer is to undergo an operation, and its wording suggests he will not survive!

Now, having thus summarised the letters, let us come to what are undoubted facts. In the first place no Indian Governor, happily, has ever been assassinated. Lord Mayo, a Governor-General, was assassinated in the 'seventies, and there have been attempts at assassinating Governors—three at least in Bengal (Sir John Anderson being the latest target for the assassin) and (at the time of the second Round Table session) Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency at Lahore. In the last case the would-be assassin was after a trial duly hanged, because, though he did not kill Sir Geoffrey, but only wounded him, one of his bullets struck a sub-inspector of police, who subsequently died.

Sir Geoffrey was never the autocrat "Sir Nigel Hill" is represented as being; nor, for that matter, did he ever jump about from province to province like the author's villain. The U.P. has provided a genial Governor for Burma, and the Punjab its present Governor to the U.P. But Sir Nigel's erratic career, as described in these pages, is, to say the least, unusual for India—from Commissioner in one Province to Chief Secretary in another and Governor in a third, without, apparently, any translation to Simla at any stage.

As for the author's account of his own career, that requires far too much credulity from anyone at all familiar with Indian conditions. High Court Judges may occasionally sit on Committees and Commissions, but they don't do District work, nor do they hear cases in other provincial High Courts. Nor was any High Court Judge from Burma ever present at the second session of the Indian Round Table Conference.

The Real Author

One can understand all correct names being suppressed and others being substituted for them. One might also make allowance for a certain amount of discreet veiling of facts. But what value can attach to letters in which the main structure so elaborately built up is found to be wholly fictitious?

Incidentally, a name that should be familiar to an Indian writer is spelt wrong throughout—"Ghandi" instead of "Gandhi."

If one may hazard a guess, the letters have been furbished up by a lady, with a literary gift, some slight knowledge of India and still larger Indian sympathies, from material emanating from one or more correspondents out East.

The "lady Sahib" form of address in the letters hardly suggests an ex-Cambridge Indian, risen to high position, as one of those correspondents.

The Horror that is Russia

FEW of the numerous books about Russia that are appearing at the moment possess quite that quality of simple directness and sincerity that impresses one at each page of Mrs. Britnieva's moving story "One Woman's Story," by Mary Britnieva, Arthur Barker, 8s. 6d..

Mrs. Britnieva was brought up in Russia, her father being an Englishman and her mother a Russian. After serving as a nurse on the outbreak of the Great War, she married a Russian doctor and with her two children and husband witnessed the establishment of the Bolshevik *régime* and the gradual extermination of the intelligentsia. She then took her children to England, subsequently paying two visits to Russia. Finally, when she heard her husband had been arrested, she set out for Russia again in the hope of getting news of him.

She journeyed about from place to place for two months, always being put off with some excuse and "always with the same cruel result." At last she learnt the truth. Her husband had been executed before she had even started for Russia.

The Boy Betrayer

Her book gives us remarkably vivid pictures of life in Soviet Russia to-day. Here is one story illustrating how Bolshevism is destroying family loyalty and affection. A man, who had fled from Russia, returned there on a false passport. He got in touch with his sister, a widow with a small son aged twelve. Suddenly he was arrested, kept in prison for three months, then shot.

> It became clear to her (the sister) that her brother had been denounced, but by whom? By day and by night the thought of the hidden traitor robbed her of all peace of mind. One evening as she and her boy were sitting together, a terrible suspicion struck her. "Tell me, Gleb," she said, turning towards the small figure bent over his school books, "can you remember ever mentioning to any school-friend of yours—by accident—that Uncle Sergei was here in secret? I know how careful you are, but could it have slipped out by chance?" The child looked at his mother across the table and she was astonished at the hard bleak expression in his eyes. "By chance?" he said. It seemed to his mother there was actually mockery in his voice. "Not by chance. I did it on purpose. I denounced him to my School Director, and he was arrested the very next night. It was only my duty towards the Revolution. You forget, Mother, that I am a Pioneer."

The story ends by telling us that the mother is a broken woman, hardly able to bear looking at her own child, this terrible, remorseless product of Bolshevist teaching.

Co-operation in Agriculture

By C. F. Strickland

THE annual publication of the Horace Plunkett Foundation ("Year Book of Agricultural Co-operation: 1934," King & Son, 12s. 6d.) contains, in addition to a record of the co-operative activities in numerous countries during the year 1933, an analysis of the new relation between agricultural co-operative societies and the State, which has been developed in consequence of the economic depression.

The outstanding feature is an official control over the distribution, the importation, and in a lesser degree also the production of agricultural commodities, which, if moderately and wisely exercised, as in Norway and Sweden, will promote voluntary marketing or processing associations within the official scheme, but where the influence of vested distributive interests is strong, may only provide an opportunity for their deeper entrenchment, to the detriment of both producer and consumer.

In the opinion of the Editors, the British marketing schemes, while not entirely barring the advance of intelligent co-operative groups, are unduly favourable to the distributor.

The American A.A.A., on the other hand, by relieving co-operative societies of the burden of carrying the surplus in any crop which they handled, has offered them a means of closer organisation.

Antithesis of Co-operation

The Editors would appear to countenance in certain passages the view that a compulsory State Scheme is only an extension of Co-operation. It is, of course, the antithesis of the co-operative idea, in which voluntary association is an essential element. The vote which usually precedes the establishment of a Board does not render voluntary the inclusion of the minority which voted against the proposal.

Interesting references are made to the co-operative societies for health and hygiene in France and Yugoslavia and to a Kenya mission venture.

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

A MURDER story concerned in showing the results of the crime, and its reactions upon the little community in which the victim lived, rather than in the deductions and detections of sleuthing policemen is "Whispering Tongues," by Laurence Kirk (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). It is a clever and unusual book, with a grim opening in which we share the anguish in the dock of the prisoner on trial for his life.

Though he is acquitted, his life is ruined; once friendly neighbours turn from him, and an atmosphere of mutual suspicion pervades the village of Brackenbury and the very human people who live there, for each feels that the murderer is still at large in their midst, and each asks: who will be the next? The mystery is solved without shocks or "third degree" methods in the course of a very pleasant, simple narrative, every word of which makes excellent reading.

"Whispering Tongues" is an ideal week-end book to be read without hurry.

* * *

Full-Blooded

What happens when a hitherto honest man is driven by force of circumstances to turn motor-bandit? What should happen, ethically, is one story: what does happen to Martin Vassel, a cable and wireless engineer, right down to the bottom on his luck, is the story of "The Hollow Land," by N. A. Temple Ellis (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). Martin Vassel lands himself in for an amazing series of dangers, and Mr. Temple Ellis tells them well enough to make you forget the outrageous demands he makes upon your credulity. This is good full-blooded adventure with a welcome absence of Scotland Yard Supermen, and an attractive heroine who is almost as little concerned with keeping the law as the hero himself.

The Hollow Land is in Dorsetshire and the scene set mostly in one of those mysterious houses where "anything might happen." And "anything" does. If you feel a little sated with the conventional murder story, try this for a change.

* * *

Murder in Motley

Under what more perplexing conditions could you imagine a mysterious murder than during a big fancy dress ball in a country house? Everyone is in disguise. A clown is murdered. When they strip him of his make-up he is found to be an uninvited guest. Such are the circumstances of Dennis Fairfax's "The Masked Ball Murder" (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.). If, when, after many thrills and excitements, you come to the solution of the mystery, you wonder, as I did, whether Mr. Fairfax was quite sure in his mind when he began his book, who the murderer really was to be, it will not have robbed you of the enjoyment of a thoroughly readable and well written thriller.

This is an absorbing story that you will not willingly put down before you have reached the last page.

* * *

Private School Murder

A detective story, with a private school as its setting, is rather an unusual type of mystery book, but Mr. Richard Macnaughtan in "The Preparatory School Murder" (Fenland Press, 7s. 6d.) provides a tale which, with its authentic school atmosphere and exciting developments, will appeal to young as well as old readers.

* * *

Mr. Hugh Clevely, in his latest adventure story "Mr. Munt Carries On" (Hutchinsons, 7s. 6d.), creates for his readers a real "card" in his ex-quartermaster turned business man, with his sound commonsense and humour and his ability to bob up serenely from any trouble. And no seller of lawn-mowers ever had such adventures as Mr. Munt had in rescuing a fair lady from an asylum and getting out of the clutches of gunmen.

Your Dogs

Variety of Breeds

By A. Croxton Smith

MAN, being an enterprising creature and not content to run on tram-lines all his life, naturally seeks after novelty in his amusements as well as in more serious affairs. This characteristic explains, I suppose, why it is that we have so many breeds and varieties of dogs. It has been more apparent since the War than it was before, many foreign breeds having been established in the last twelve years, and several native ones developed from the rough.

One would have thought that our domestic resources had been exhausted, yet Welsh corgis, Kerry Blue terriers, Lakeland terriers, and bull mastiffs are essentially modern. Norwich terriers, too, are knocking at the door. All of these have existed in their rough condition for a good many years without attracting the attention of exhibitors. Several of them now are continually growing in importance. Altogether, eighty breeds or varieties are sufficiently strong to warrant separate classification at the Kennel Club.

When we consider the British breeds that have appeared in the course of this century, we realise how much we are indebted to the influence of dog shows. Although Labradors came over first about a century ago, they remained the prerogative of a few noble families, who appreciated their retrieving qualities, until about 1904, when the present Lord Knutsford, then the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, began to exhibit and run them at field trials.

The golden retrievers are more recent still. How they came led to much speculation of a romantic nature, it being said that they were of Russian extraction, the originals having been bought in a circus by the Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, afterwards Lord Tweedmouth. The present Lord Tweedmouth, however, told me that his grandfather started them from a yellow variant of the black flat-coated retriever, which a Brighton cobbler had taken from a keeper in settlement of a bad debt. A mate was found for him of the same colour in the Border country. To prevent the ill-effects of too close inbreeding, Lord Tweedmouth crossed them occasionally with blacks, and now and then he was able to find a yellow. Lord Tweedmouth also denied that a bloodhound cross was ever used.

Cairns, West Highland white terriers, Sealyhams, Shetland sheepdogs, and Border terriers all belong to the twentieth century so far as their public life is concerned. Sealyhams are an example of what can be done by clever breeding in a short time. Making their début at the Kennel Club show of 1910, with few exceptions they were of a nondescript appearance, and many regarded them as bad wire fox terriers on shorter legs, giving them but a brief life.

There is no possibility of such confusion arising to-day, they being distinctive in character. Perhaps they have been made too short on the leg for sporting purposes, but at any rate they are alike and breed true.

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

The Dark Tower

Shaftesbury Theatre.

Wild horses would not drag from me the plot of this play. Suffice it to say that Stanley Vance was one of those stage villains who was bound to come to a sticky end before the end of the evening, and that his demise was effected by the most unlikely member of the cast. Who disguised himself as what, and who turned out to be someone else, and who that someone was I would not disclose for all the tea in China.

George S. Kaufman and Alexander Woolcott have written quite an exciting play and have obviously a sound knowledge of the value of suspense, but he is a bold man who would say that the plot is a credible one or the dénouement convincing.

Basil Sydney shared the acting honours with Francis L. Sullivan, and there was a clever character study from Winifred Oughton. Edna Best had an almost impossible task as the distracted heroine.

The Springtime of Others

The Arts Theatre.

I found this play a sincere and in parts strangely moving piece of work.

The character of the mother is finely drawn and was as finely portrayed by Miss Beatrice Wilson. Miss Wilson acts with her whole intellect as well as with her voice and body. She let one see right into the tortuous mind of the mother, fighting now for her daughter's happiness, now for her own: a truly memorable performance. The author has not been so kind to the daughter; she is too indefinite, too wavering. It speaks volumes for Miss Carol Coombe's abilities that, although the last act is pitched in the same key throughout, she was never for one instant monotonous. Mr. Walter Hudd improves with every part he plays.

Once Upon a Time

Little Theatre

It would be rather difficult to say exactly why I liked this play. To start with it is yet another adaptation, and I am getting so tired of adaptations. It would be such a change to see a really good play by a native author. All the same, I did like it. Perhaps Helena Pickard had something to do with it. She was a crook, of course, and was not averse to taking her share of the nefarious profits of a somewhat doubtful detective agency. She also contrived to look—shall we say plain?—for at least part of the time. It would take far too much space to tell how she eventually straightened her morals and her nose, but she did so in the end.

The City of Ships

Embassy Theatre

I would be prepared to stake a modest sum that nobody at the moment is interested in the late lamented Slave Trade. Certainly if one is to write a play about a subject which is not vital one should at least write a good play. "The City of Ships" does not come under this category.

The authoress, Miss Mary D. Sheridan, is obviously sincere, and she may one day write a good play.

Crime et Chatiment

New Theatre

I suppose it is always great fun for an Englishman to see the dramatisation of a Russian novel performed by a company of French actors in London, but when I know there are so many English actors out of work I find my enthusiasm slightly damped. I would not have minded if the acting had been of an all round excellence but it was not. True, there was one outstanding performance by Marie Germanova, but the general level did not seem to me to be any higher than one is accustomed to see at any London Theatre. There is, however, one reason why everybody who is interested in the theatre should see this production. The lighting is exquisite. Each and every scene—and there are twenty of them—is from the visual point of view a work of art.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editor should not exceed 250 words in length.

Will Mr. Baldwin—Smoke On?

SIR,—Another knock in the eye for Mr. Baldwin! Will the Upton election, one wonders, teach him anything? One hardly supposes that it will, seeing that he learnt nothing from the six Government defeats that preceded that at Upton.

Yet with the Labour vote more or less as it was before, the moral of this crashing Conservative defeat seems to be obvious. Conservatives are beginning to realise what a hopeless Government this so-called National one is: so they stay away from the poll and decline to vote for the Government candidate. Only thus can one explain the fall in the Conservative vote from 17,561 to 8,534—more than half.

Mr. Baldwin doesn't seem to care what happens to his Party. But there are large sections in the Party who do care and, one can only hope, they will take the necessary action before Socialism overwhelms us.

JOHN HENRY FOSTER.

West Street, Brighton.

The Fate of the Old Horse

SIR,—We are supposed to be a nation of animal-lovers and yet we allow our old horses, who have served us so well and so patiently in their early life, to be subjected to all manner of cruelties in their old age. The picture Mr. Basil Tozer presents to us of the end of the "Old Horse" is no imaginary one; it is just the kind of thing that *does* happen to these thousands of exported horses. Is it not time something was done to prevent this disgraceful state of affairs?

Oppidans Road, N.W.3. J. A. MACLUSE.

SIR,—Mr. Basil Tozer's article on the "Old Horse" will, it is to be hoped, arouse the indignation of all your humane readers. It is a blot on Britain's good name that no adequate provision is made for the old age of our horses. That thousands of them should be annually exported to suffer misery on board ship before being gored to death in the bull-ring, or meeting other similar fate, makes one's blood boil. If it is impossible to find the money for homes of rest for all these old horses, surely it would be more humane to establish institutions where they can quietly and expeditiously be put to sleep?

JAMES STEWART MACPHERSON.

Solihull, Birmingham.

The Great W.G.

SIR,—Your human appreciation of the great "W.G." gladdened my heart. In the dim and distant past I had the honour and pleasure of his friendship when he was the controlling genius of the London County Cricket Club. His greatness of heart, his gruff voice, and above all his wondrous personality gripped one's very soul.

Like his great contemporary, the lovable, lion-hearted Sammy Woods, he occupies an immortal niche in the annals of cricket that will increase in illustriousness by the passing of time. FRANCIS EDWIN TYLER.

78, *St. James Road, Holloway.*

No Surrender of Tanganyika

SIR,—With a good deal of what Mr. J. W. Kirk writes in his short article entitled "No Surrender of Tanganyika" everyone who knows the full facts about that Territory must agree.

In saying that "every mission station was established in a strongly fortified position," your contributor, however, overlooks the fact that many of the mission stations were established by the Universities Mission to Central Africa and the Church Missionary Society and staffed by British priests, sisters, and laymen; and that there were other non-German missions in the country.

He writes: "We were amazed to find how sparsely cultivated, poorly developed, and badly administered the country was." If "we" means himself and his comrades in arms, it is no doubt strictly true; but the British authorities certainly had the fullest reports on the German territory shortly after the outbreak of War.

His statements with regard to native maltreatment by the Germans are strictly accurate.

As the Secretary of State for the Colonies said the other day, "Great Britain does not lightly put a trust in pawn"; and the trust reposed in her when she was granted a Mandate to administer Tanganyika Territory she must, and will, continue to discharge—with credit to herself and to the great advantage of the natives of the country. F. S. JOELSON.

91, *Great Titchfield Street, London, W. 1.* (Editor, *East Africa.*)

Foreign Artists at Covent Garden

SIR,—Of the 64 names on the preliminary list of Covent Garden opera artists, only 21 are British, and of these all save two in quite minor parts. Why?

Where are Florence Austral, Walter Widdop, Eva Turner, Arthur Fear, Florence Easton, Josephine Wray, and a host of others who have made names for themselves, either at Covent Garden or at Sadler's Wells?

It may be generous of us to welcome Germans and Italians and Russians and the rest to what should be in fact a National Opera House. Whether in the long run it is politic is another question. Unkind it certainly is to British talent, and most discouraging to our new nursery of opera at the Wells.

Those ultimately responsible are perhaps the snobs amongst us who have an eye for a name, but no ear for music. T. F. HOWARD.

House of Commons.

Why Not Re-arm at Once?

SIR,—I see Mr. Duff Cooper, the Financial Secretary of the War Office, has just expressed the somewhat belated opinion that the Disarmament Conference is "at its last gasp." He also went on to say:

> In the coming year large sums of money will be spent in increasing armaments. Our Air Force is fifth or sixth among the world's Powers and the country is in a dangerous and exposed position.

What one wants to know is whether Mr. Duff Cooper is speaking for the Government or only for himself.

Our owu armaments are, it is notorious, in a shockingly inadequate condition. When is anything going to be done to remedy this appalling state of affairs? Why wait till this wretched Conference, so futile in its discussions, at last expires? CHARLES HEWITT.

High Street, Sittingbourne.

Why Adam Lindsay Gordon Left Woolwich

SIR,—In the review on Adam Lindsay Gordon's life in your issue of May 12th, it is stated:—"Why he never entered the Army, no one really knows." Captain F. G. Guggesberg's book "The Shop," the story of the Royal Military Academy, published in 1900, ascribes this to the horse stealing episode, Page 86:—

"He was a keen sportsman, however, even in those early days, so keen, indeed, *that it led to his leaving the R.M.A.* Passionately fond of animals and devoted to racing, he bought a horse agreeing with the dealer to pay for it by instalments. As a local meeting was coming off, he entered for one of the races, and spent his spare time in training his horse. Unfortunately, funds ran out, several instalments became overdue, and the dealer refused to let him take the animal out of the stable. Here was a predicament! Gordon stood to lose heavily if his horse did not start, so, with his bosom friend among the cadets, he stole the steed from the stable the morning of the race, rode him gallantly to victory, and paid the inevitable consequences of being summoned for 'horse stealing.' The matter was, however, squared by his father, and young Adam Lindsay started for Australia."

Wishing the *Saturday Review* every success.

F. W. PFEIL.

Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

The Shadow of the Debts

Stock Markets and International Factors

[By Our City Editor]

THE three-weeks Whitsun account, in itself a deterrent to Stock Market activity, has seen the revival of war debt talk with all the usual acrimonious accompaniment provided by U.S. Congressmen and the American Press and this, with the constant threat of Germany to default on all her debts while adopting an expensively militant attitude towards her creditors, has been sufficient to call a temporary halt to the general advance in securities which has now been in progress since the beginning of the year. But America's decision that Britain will be regarded as a " partial defaulter " if a token payment only is forthcoming on June 15 on account of the British War Debt to U.S.A, failed to have the crushing effect upon the City which would have been in evidence six months ago in similar circumstances.

The fact is that the City has come to regard War Debts as an ever-present evil and one that must be endured, inasmuch as America is unwilling to take any steps for its cure, and the securities which were most affected by the dramatic pronouncement from across the Atlantic were those which have their home in Wall Street. That long-suffering financial centre is having to bear one burden after another, but when once the question of unwanted State control of the Stock Markets in America has been finally settled, a steady rise in American securities may be looked for subject to temporary set-backs as the failure of N.R.A. becomes more and more apparent.

Improvement at Home

Meanwhile, conditions at home continue their natural improvement, and the trade figures for April, though showing declines in comparison with the longer month of March, made a good showing against April 1933, exports being nearly £4,000,000 higher while imports were about £5,000,000 up. Industrials should at least hold their present prices and Home Railway Stocks are likely to be a better market as the " stale bulls " are gradually eliminated. In the speculative sections Oil shares are really a cheerless market despite the excellent results of the Burmah Company with the declaration of a 33⅓ per cent. capital bonus and a higher cash payment.

Gold Mines still look worth a purchase for the June South African dividends, for the Union Government is making no change in the excess Profits Tax and intends to leave the mines to settle down to the new conditions. The most interesting view is expressed officially in South Africa that the price of gold is likely further to appreciate to 140s., a view which we believe originated in the Old Country.

London Assurance

The Life department of the London Assurance recorded an increase of £231,002, the total for 1933 being £2,306,418, the new assurances constituting a record for the Corporation. The Life funds were increased during the year by £534,617 to £7,657,989 the net rate of interest being £3 19s. 7d. per cent. net compared with £4 7s. 11d. in the previous year, this reflecting investment tendencies during the year. In the Fire department the premium income was substantially lower at £2,033,419, probably due to the depreciation in the dollar, for the practice is to include accounts at the exchange rates ruling at the end of the year. Accident premiums were also some £90,000 lower, but the results from both accounts are much improved, Fire showing a surplus of £92,700 against a deficit of £33,700 in the previous year, while the Accident profit is £74,800 against £44,700. Similarly Marine premiums were £277,000 lower, but the fund at the end of the year is about 125 per cent. of the premiums, a considerably higher proportion than that of a year previously. Reserves are increased by a transfer of £15,000 from profit and loss and £100,000 is written off premises, while the combined balance-sheet of the London Assurance and its subsidiaries shows that the general reserve fund has increased from £1,460,000 to £1,535,000. The profit and loss balance carried forward is £385,636, the ordinary dividend being 11s. 3d. per share for the year, as for the previous year.

British Match Corporation

A satisfactory increase in revenue is reported by the British Match Corporation, which controls the Bryant and May and Masters undertakings, its shareholdings yielding an income of £448,850 against £437,576 in the previous year. The net profit is £433,217 against £418,633. The dividend is again 6 per cent. free of tax and goodwill is reduced to £560,000 by writing off £40,000 from profits. The balance-sheet discloses a strong liquid position with cash at £312,320 and British Government securities at £150,532. At 38s. the shares yield £3 4s. tax free or about £4 2s. 6d. per cent. gross.

COMPANY MEETINGS

DUNLOP RUBBER

Better Trading Conditions at Home

POSITION OVERSEAS

Rubber Regulations: The Pros and Cons

SIR ERIC GEDDES' VIEWS

The 35th Ordinary General Meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday last, at the Whitehall Rooms, Whitehall Place, London S.W.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.B., the Chairman of the Company presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts said :—

MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Last year I told you that I saw signs of improvement in general conditions in this country. As you will be aware, during the past year, there has been an improvement in trading conditions in this country, and an expansion of consumer demand. Conditions overseas have, unfortunately, continued to be very difficult and perplexing. Your Company has, however, fully maintained its position in the export field. The balance of profit for the year is £1,868,924, and after deducting all charges except Income Tax, the net profit is £1,512,866, representing an increase over the previous year of £652,789. Your Directors feel justified in recommending a dividend on the Ordinary Stock of 8 per cent., and therefore the carry-forward is increased by £136,207 to a total of £578,415.

During the year 1933 the main departments at Fort Dunlop and in the great majority of our factories produced a record output owing to the healthier state of the Automobile industry, both at home and for export. Our outlook for the current year is good *so far as volume is concerned,* and a further increase in sales is anticipated. But our hopes here must be qualified by what I say later regarding the level of raw material and selling prices. The quality of Dunlop products continues to be of the highest, and we find that the number of complaints is proportionately negligible. In the case of general rubber goods, the past year has been quite a good one, but low quotations from Empire Countries with eastern wage standards are current. We have introduced new lines such as "Dunlopillo" cushioning, which is being taken up enthusiastically by high class domestic furniture manufacturers, and by manufacturers of cinema and other seats for public buildings, and railway and public road service vehicles.

RUBBER PLANTATIONS AND RESTRICTION.

Though the rising price of the raw commodity throughout the year assisted us considerably in presenting a satisfactory Plantations Balance Sheet, the year has not been without its difficulties. The consequence of this labour shortage has been a continuous and substantial rise in the price of labour throughout the year, and you will be gratified to hear that, despite the rise in labour costs and despite the shortage of crop, our f.o.b. cost for the year breaks even with that of the previous year, namely, 2.17d. per lb. I have recently returned from a visit to your Estates, where I found everything in excellent order, and the staff keen and efficient. The moderate amount of restriction that will be in operation till the end of the financial year of the Plantations Company suggests that taking the short view, restriction will not be unsatisfactory to us for the year. Taking the long view, however, your Board has doubts regarding the ultimate value of the operation of this restriction scheme to the Plantation industry.

From the Manufacturers point of view, one objection to the scheme is that there is no reference to the level to which it is intended to raise the price of rubber. I can see nothing that would make a price safeguard inconsistent with the scheme. In fact, such an addition would remove one of the most important of our apprehensions. Manufacturers, in our opinion, should have been given representation on the International Regulating Committee.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

BRITISH MATCH CORPORATION

SATISFACTORY HOME TRADE

The Seventh Ordinary General Meeting of the British Match Corporation Ltd., was held on Wednesday last at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

Mr. C. E. Bartholomew, O.B.E., the chairman and managing director who presided, said :—

You would not wish to proceed to the business of this Meeting before recording our sense of the grievous loss which we have suffered in the passing of our late Chairman. Sir George Paton was a veritable prince of industry. His broadminded humanity, his consideration for "the other fellow"—to use a favourite phrase of his—and his solicitude for his colleagues, the staff and every worker in the enterprises which he controlled, evoked feelings of affection and personal regard, such as have been enjoyed by few men in similar positions.

We mourn his loss, we shall revere his memory for many years to come, but he has left an inspiration and an example to those who are left to carry on. It will be the constant endeavour of every one of us to demonstrate our loyalty and affection by a faithful adherence to the great ideals which Sir George has set before us.

May I ask you to stand for a moment in silent remembrance of his faithful and great-minded services to this Corporation and to British Industry, and in token of our sympathy with Lady Paton and the members of his family.

The Report and Accounts will, I trust, be considered satisfactory. Apart from the lamented loss to which I have referred, the year has been free from important occurrences in our organisation. The home trade has given continued evidence of the value of the goodwill of the businesses in which you are interested. Manufacturing methods have been steadily improved, and the quality of your British-made matches is higher than has ever been known in the industry in any part of the world. The consumption of matches produced by factories in which you are concerned, amounts to several hundreds of millions per day, a circulation which can hardly be equalled by any other commodity, and I should like to emphasize that the working conditions in all those factories are of the best, and that every reasonable provision is made for the well-being of all the employees.

STAFF PENSIONS

The Brymay Pension Fund, which has been in successful operation for twenty years, has been extended to provide retiring pensions for members of the staff of this Corporation, and of Messrs. J. John Masters & Co., Ltd. This Fund is a Trust Fund invested outside the businesses concerned, and involves no liability to your Corporation beyond the annual payment of contributions equivalent to those made by members of your Staff who are members of the Fund.

BRYANT AND MAY'S ANNIVERSARY.

It is, I think, worthy of mention that Bryant & May Ltd., has just held its 50th Annual Meeting. It was in 1884 that it became a Limited Company. Although we do not know the actual date of its formation, that business is actually approaching its centenary.

I will now refer to the Accounts. On the Assets side, the Goodwill item is being steadily reduced, and, if our proposals are approved, will be reduced to £560,000 next year. The holding of Government securities represents the investment of the major portion of the Reserve Fund. The net revenue from our Subsidiary Companies is £11,300 odd higher than last year, and represents a gross return of 9.83 per cent. on the book value of the investments.

Your Board is not without anxiety with regard to the investment in Brazil. We still have confidence in the future of that wonderful country, but desperate measures of taxation and complications of exchange have upset all the conservative calculations on which the investment

Insurance Problems

The Seven Ages of Man

No. 2—THE SCHOOLBOY

By A. H. Clarke

FOR a very small sum of money you can create for your son an "estate," the importance of which, as far as the boy is concerned, cannot be emphasised too strongly. It is true you will receive no income tax rebate, the assurance not being on your own life, but as the premium is so small, the loss of this benefit is of little importance.

Most intelligent life assurance men take considerable interest in this class of policy. They endeavour to impress upon the boy the meaning of the policy and what his father is doing for him. It is obviously in their interests to do so, as the boy is a potential source of further business as he grows older.

There is also the feature of systematic saving. Few young men, and not a great many older men, find saving easy. Through the agency of such a policy, the boy is taught indirectly the value of saving something every year, and, beginning, as he does in this case, at an early age, he becomes used to this charge on his income I mean by this that as soon as he is earning money he should take over the payment of the premiums himself. This burden can be made lighter by an arrangement with the company concerned to pay the premiums half-yearly, quarterly or monthly, as he finds convenient. When this transfer of payment has been effected, income tax rebate may be claimed.

To give a concrete example. The age of the boy is 18, and the father can afford about £20 a year. For an annual premium of £18 13s. an Endowment Policy for £1,000 can be obtained, the profits being used to shorten the endowment term. At the present general low rate of profits, the policy would mature when the assured had reached 56 years of age

He could, of course, at any time convert this policy to a shorter term endowment—say, to mature when he was 45 or 50. Naturally credit would be given for the premiums already paid.

At the same age, and assuming the parent could afford a larger sum for his son, I would suggest a 30-year endowment with profits. This would call for an annual payment of £31. The policy would mature when the boy had reached 48 years of age, when he would receive £1,000 plus profits of, say, £575 to £600. This represents an investment returning nearly 4 per cent. compound interest free of tax. I think my readers will agree that this is a sound proposition yielding, as it does, a high rate of interest, having absolute security behind it—apart altogether from the value of the assurance, which is not inconsiderable, costing him, as it does, nothing.

Finally, a father might wish to pay a single premium to give his boy a cash sum in, say, ten years' time A single payment of £840 would yield £1,000 plus profits (say £200), the boy's life being assured for £1,000 during the period. This represents an investment yielding over 3½ per cent. compound interest, free of tax.

(*Continued from page 583*)

was based. Some amounts are now being received from the milreis accumulated there, but at a much higher cost to our Brazilian friends than could have been anticipated when the money was advanced.

Sir George Paton told you a year ago that the heavy taxation in Brazil was "killing the goose which laid the golden eggs." That is still true, but we feel sure that Brazil—and other South American countries, too—will make further efforts to restore the value of their currencies, and for their own credits' sakes, will strive to make remunerative the foreign investments which have contributed so largely to the development of their great territories.

STEADY BUSINESS.

During the last year, I have been able to pay visits to Brazil, Canada and South Africa.

Apart from the currency difficulty in Brazil, I can assure you that your interests in the countries I have named, are in excellent shape.

Your Directors attach great importance to the exchange of visits between the administrations of this Corporation and those in countries overseas. I do not propose to dilate upon the trend of trade in general, but I would assure you that your Board is constantly studying everything which may affect the industry in which you have invested your money, and we have confidence in the future. I should not like to conclude without expressing our grateful thanks to every member of the keen and loyal staff of this Corporation, and of all its Subsidiary businesses. You are very well served by good staffs, both at home and overseas.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

IT was a significant act on the part of the King and Queen to attend the concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund before making an appearance at the Royal Opera. Outwardly the occasion had all the character of a Gala. The great auditorium was packed with well-dressed people; the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, founded by the Duke of Edinburgh round about the nineties, had, for once, Sir Henry Wood at its head; and Eva Turner, Conchita Supervia and Richard Tauber were the singers. Outwardly, I repeat, it was a festive event; inwardly it represented the tragedy of unemployment among the musicians of this far too hospitable country, and one is safe in assuming that it was concern for artists in distress rather than a charming programme that impelled Their Majesties to give up an entire evening to miscellaneous music.

At no time does the predicament of the British artist appear to be so hopeless, or London so cosmopolitan, as it does at this period of the year when the doors of the metropolis are thrown wide open to receive all sorts of visiting celebrities. Covent Garden, equipped with the finest orchestra it has ever known (thanks to Sir Thomas Beecham) is flushed with, at least, social success. All has not been quite well with its productions,

and it seems that the management has bitten off a litle more than it can actually chew, more than it can approve of.

The so-called London Musical Festival has gone its ponderous way, and the monstrous *Das Unaufhörliche* of Herr Hindemith has been followed by the more sincere but equally monstrous ninth Symphony of Bruckner, for which dubious experience we have to thank the B.B.C. and Herr Bruno Walter.

There are, no doubt, good Austrians who remember with something like patriotic twitchings of the heart-strings that ancient feud between the Brucknerianer and the Brahmsianer which held Vienna intrigued at the end of the last century. It never had any but the faintest repercussions in this country, where Brahms—through the good offices of Joachim and Stanford chiefly—had an easy passage to that *post mortem* fame which is now his.

Patience Needed

That our fathers were not ravished by Bruckner's long-winded music seems to-day not unreasonable; the long-windedness of Richard Wagner was enough to be going on with, and Wagner gave you something to look at, even if the action of those gods and things were beastly slow and the theatre infernally dark all the time. To listen to characteristic Bruckner to-day one must be in a particularly leisurely and tolerant frame of mind. The aforesaid Ninth Symphony would test the patience of Job himself, and those who endured the other evening at Queen's Hall were rewarded by an excellent performance of the *Te Deum* (which Bruckner had indicated should be played in lieu of a final movement to his unfinished work) with Isobel Baillie, Enid Cruickshank, Heddle Nash and Arthur Fear as soloists.

Previous to the Bruckner we had a fairly good account of Mozart's Piano Concerto in D minor with reduced orchestra, Herr Walter himself playing the solo instrument and taking charge of the orchestra at the same time in the old-fashioned way. His touch is musical, though smudgy in passages requiring swiftness with precision.

And the British artist? He has his problems to face and he must face them with the consciousness that he is out-numbered, if not out-classed; that the concert-going public—a now greatly diminished and diminishing quantity—greatly prefers a foreign name, as do the gramophone companies. The B.B.C. has always its hands full, being all things to all men, and he might as usefully try the British Museum.

If he is a tenor, and can sing as indifferently as, say, Herr Tauber, he might do very well, especially if he can cultivate and exploit an inaudible *pianissimo*. This is good showmanship and always brings down the house. It is also well paid. But he must think out some new name for himself; something like Tauber or Gigli or Frescobaldi or Buxtehude or Furtwängler—something really distinctive.

All he need then do is to absent himself a little, hardly more than he involuntarily does at present. After that he should be able to pick up a celebrity tour any day of the week.

The Cinema

By Mark Forrest

THE chief trouble with the new picture "Rapt," at the Curzon, lies in the slowness of the *tempo*. The tale is a morbid, turgid affair and the camera has done nothing to lighten it; still, the film has redeeming features. Chief of these is the admirable photography. This is the first talking picture to be produced in Switzerland, and the director has made the most of the magnificent scenery.

The story is a village one, where the traditional hatred of the German for the French, and *vice versa*, forms the kernel of the nut. The German shepherd kills the Frenchman's dog, and the Frenchman abducts the German's daughter. She determines to revenge herself upon the French village in which she is kept a prisoner, and, making friends with the village idiot, persuades him to set the place on fire. In the meantime, unfortunately, she has fallen in love with her captor but, when she seeks to escape with him, she finds that the idiot has locked them both in so that they perish in the flames.

Not a cheerful theme and made no merrier by the funereal nature of the pace at which it is taken, but the Frenchman is well acted by Vitel.

Catherine the Great Again

"The Scarlet Empress" is important because the star is Marlene Dietrich. Once again she is directed by Mr. Josef von Sternberg, and once more his work has disappointed me. Why Catherine the Great of Russia should be such a popular subject with the film companies I really don't know, but those to whom comparisons are not odious may judge between the British production at the Marble Arch Pavilion and the American at the Carlton.

Mr. von Sternberg has attempted to show the barbaric nature of the Russians and their court by making the décors fantastic and has been so beset with the idea of photographing misshapen carvings that he has forgotten to give his leading actress any acting to do. Marlene Dietrich looks as beautiful as ever and has been superbly photographed, but her alarums and excursions in this Russian court belong to musical comedy. She should have been given a song or two, the present plot would have done for "the book," and, unless someone gave the secret away, no one would have guessed that it had anything to do with Catherine the Great.

The musical accompaniment, such as there is, is as unsatisfactory as the film, being a horrid and muddled hotchpot. All the same, there is Marlene Dietrich. I wish she would go back to Germany again and be produced by Mr. Pommer; then one might see her in a picture where she had something real to do.

Broadcasting Notes

By ALAN HOWLAND

IT is a truism to say that we live in an age of miracles, but some truisms bear repetition. Broadcasting is a miracle, the B.B.C. itself is a miracle in a slightly different sense. Television, too, is to many a miraculous thing, or will be when it comes to maturity.

Every schoolboy knows that nobody really starts developing until he has been thoroughly sat on. A wise and benevolent Government has realised that this is true in the case of television and has duly appointed a a committee to sit on it. It is rather a sickly youth since its paternity is a little doubtful and it has had to put up with the B.B.C. as a foster mother, not an altogether enviable experience. The B.B.C. must be extremely proud to have two representatives on the committee, and the committee should congratulate itself that these representatives are such very, very high officials. No doubt it will choose as its motto: *Experto crede*. The coat of arms has not as yet been selected, but I have a pretty shrewd idea what its supporters will be.

The Long Run

Now that television has achieved the distinction of being sat upon, it is bound to develop into an art in the long run. My only prayer is that it may be a very long run indeed, not because I dislike or mistrust television, but because I believe it would be a tragedy if it fell into the hands of the B.B.C. as at present constituted. No doubt the B.B.C. imagines itself to be perfectly capable of handling this new invention to its own satisfaction and to the glory of the British nation. All the bright boys and all the pundits and pedagogues who amuse and instruct us so imaginatively in a one-dimensional medium would doubtless by a stroke of the pen become world authorities on how to amuse and instruct us in two dimensions. They would merely have to change their titles, that is all.

For some reason or other I do not share this touching faith in their abilities. Whether the technique of television is going to develop on the lines of the theatre or of the cinema, I do not believe that there is anyone on the present staff of the B.B.C. who knows sufficient about either of these media to mould the new art into a really satisfactory shape. Nor, if it is to develop upon entirely new lines peculiar to itself, would I trust it to the tender mercies of anyone who could sponsor a bastard word like "television." "Teleopsy" is not such a bad word and has the advantage of an undisputed parentage.

The End of the Charter

There is one ray of hope. If this new committee behaves like any normal government committee, and only reaches its conclusions after two or three years—if by that time it has not already adjourned itself out of existence — the coming of television may coincide with the renewal of the B.B.C. charter and there will be some prospect of infusing new blood into the organisation. It may by then have occurred to someone that the people to run television are the people who have had some experience of working in two-dimensional entertainment and are used to thinking in terms of sound plus image. I am not suggesting that all appointments to the television department of the B.B.C. should be made from Wardour Street, but I do think that there should be a new staff consisting of experts instead of the present haphazard collection of jolly good fellows. So, for my part, here's long life to the Committee.